



No. 127.—Vol. X.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 3, 1895.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6d.



THE SHAHZADA.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.

"THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA."

The production of this comedy at Daly's Theatre this week is very interesting. I can recall only one notable production of it within the memory

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN

This present MONDAY, June 17, 1822;
Will be performed Shakspeare's Play of The

Two Gentlemen OF VERONA.

The Overture and a solo of the Music (excepting two Melodies) composed by Mr. BISHOP.
In the course of the Play will be introduced

SONGS, DUETS, GLEES, and CHORUSES.

The Poetry Selected entirely from the Plays, Poems and Sonnets of SHAKSPEARE.

Duke of Milan, Mr. EGERTON, Antonio, Mr. CHAPMAN, Proteus, Mr. ABBOTT,
Valentine, Mr. JONES, Sir Thurio, Mr. W. FARREN, Sir Eglamour, Mr. HUNT,
Launce, Mr. LISTON, Speed, Mr. BLANCHARD,
Ubaldo, Mr. DURSET, Carlos, Mr. TAYLOR,
Pantheus, Mr. JEFFRIES, Philip, Mr. LONGHURST, Officer, Mr. MEARS, Hoff, Mr. BARNES,
Luigi, Mr. COMPTON, Stephano, Mr. J. ISAACS, Rodolfo, Mr. PYNE,
Julia, Miss M. TREE, Sylvia, Miss HALLANDE, Lurgina, Miss BEAUMONT.

*In Act IV. will be introduced (composed, arranged and produced by Mr. FARLEY—the scenery painted by Messrs. G. & S. G. & S.)

THE CARNIVAL

In the Great Square of Milan.

In which (according to ancient Custom at CARNAVAL) takes place the

GRAND EMBLEMATICAL PROCESSION

Of the Seasons and the Elements.

1st, Spring—2d, Summer—3d, Autumn—4th, Winter—
5th, Earth—6th, Air—7th, Fire—8th, Water.

In this Procession,

CLEOPATRA'S GALLEY

Is seen sailing down the river Cydnus.

The Decorations & Emblematic Devices designed by Mr. BRADWELL, & executed by Messrs. BRADWELL.

The following are the selections from SHAKSPEARE:

Song—When I have seen the hungry ocean Poems Round—To see his face, Venus and Adonis
Song—That time of year doth bring Donnets Glee—If's to Sylvia? Two Gentlemen of Verona
Duet—Say, say you please Poems Chorus—Now the hungry ocean round Shilf Night's Del
Song—O never for that I was false Sonnets Duet—On a day, Love's I alone I off
Glee—Good night, good night, Sonnets Song—Should he up and Taning of the Shrew
Song—When in a fight with fortune Sonnets Fivete—How like a Winter Sonnets
In which will be added, the Melo-Drama of

ALADDIN;

Or, The WONDERFUL LAMP.

ALADDIN by Miss FOOTE.

Tali Tongluck (the Ham of Tartary) Mr. CHAPMAN, Karar Hamun (his Vizier) Mr. CRUMPTON,
KALIM AZAZ (the Viceroy's son) Mr. J. S. GRIMALDI,
ARABAZAR (the African Magician) Mr. FARLEY,
KAZRAC (his Chinese Slave) Mr. GRIMALDI,

Citizens of Ham Tartary, Messrs. Atkins, George, Meats, Norris, &c.

(PRINCESS RADROUBROUDOUR, Miss SHAW,
Amrou and Zuma (her chief attendants) Miss GREEN and Miss BODEN,
ZORVAD, by Miss E. DENNETT,
Widow Ching Anlapha, Mrs. DAVENPORT,
Genie of the Ring, Miss H. BODEN,
Olrook, Genie of the Air, Mr. JEFFRIES, Genie of the Lamp, Mr. LOUIS.

A Private Box may be had for the Season, or nightly, of Mr. Brandon at the Box-office
Opened by E. Macassar, No. 2, Row-Square, Covent-Garden.

Tomorrow, for the Benefit of Miss FOOTE, Shakspeare's Tragedy of OTHELLO.

To which will be added the Melo-Drama of FORTY THIEVES.

On Wednesday, for the Benefit of Miss M. TREE, Shakspeare's Tragedy of CYMBELINE.

A Grand Vocal and Instrumental CONCERT.

With the Musical Farce of BROTHER AND SISTER.

On Thursday, Shakspeare's COMEDY of ERRORS (with Music by Mr. BISHOP),

To which will be added, The MILLER and HIS MEN.

On Friday the Course of The RIVALS.

With the Musical Farce of The PADDOCK.

On Saturday, the Opera of ROB ROY MACGREGOR.

And the Farce of RAISING THE WIND.

theatrical historian and writer, Benjamin Victor. This eminent dramatist, who seems to have been really a very good-natured and well-intentioned stupid sort of person, patronised that rude and uncultured genius, Shakspeare, in the usual head-patting style. "It is the general Opinion," says Mr. Victor, "that this Comedy abounds with Weeds"; but, in a burst of eulogy, he adds, "it is adorned with several poetical Flowers, such as the Hand of Shakspeare alone could raise." How Mr. Victor proceeded to grub up the weeds, and add a lot of flowers of his own, is scarcely a matter worthy of our attention. We may note, however, that the Two Gentlemen were played by O'Brien (Valentine) and Holland (Proteus), that Mrs. Yeates was the Julia, and Miss Bride the Sylvia. Yeates, the comedian whom Churchill, in the "Rosciad," accused of generally forgetting his part, was the Launce, and is pictured in the quaint print accompanying. Tom King, "the King of good fellows," played the other low-comedy part, Speed; and Vernon, the sweet singer, was Thurio, and no doubt sang "Who is Sylvia." Of him, also, we give a print.

The two heroes of this play are very poor characters—theatrically. Indeed, it is said that a disgusted impersonator of one of them dubbed the play "The Two Walking Gentlemen," which indicates pretty accurately their histrionic value. Launce is really the best part in the piece, and accordingly the low comedian of the theatre sometimes chose this play for his benefit. In 1784 this was done by Quick, whose portrait we give, and he had Mrs. Stephen Kemble for Sylvia, Mrs. Mattocks for Julia, and Messrs. Wroughton and Whitfield for Proteus and Valentine. On this occasion the piece was announced as never having been acted at Covent Garden. A few years after this, Wroughton again played Proteus, but at the other theatre, Drury Lane, where "The Two Gentlemen" was one of the revivals under the management of John Kemble, it was produced on Jan. 15, 1790, with Dodd, Lamb's favourite, as Launce, and another of "Elia's" pets,



MISS HALLANDE AS SYLVIA, 1822.

of even old playgoers, and that was at Sadler's Wells in 1857, when it was one in the famous series of Phelps's Shaksperian productions; but even there it was not given any special prominence, and the manager

himself did not play in it. This generation, however, is scarcely worse off than its predecessors, for "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" has never been a much-produced play. How much it was played in its author's day we do not know, but it was probably fairly successful, for there were in all likelihood two versions of it. One of these, written by Shakspeare, it is supposed, in conjunction with another poet, was produced about 1591; and, some four years later, our present version, Shakspeare's work alone, made its appearance.

After the Restoration, a century elapsed before a performance of the comedy is recorded, and then it was an adaptation by the well-known



MR. YEATES AS LAUNCE.

"Nay, 'twill be this hour ere I have done weeping."



MR. COMPTON AS LAUNCE.

"Nay, I'll be sworn I have sat in the stocks for puddings he hath stolen."



MISS FORTESCUE IN "COMEDY AND TRAGEDY."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY, REGENT STREET, W.

Dicky Suett, as the foolish lover, Thurio. Speed was played by that delightful actor, Jack Bannister, and Mrs. Kemble was again the Sylvia. Although the comedy was apparently meant to have a "run," it was



MR. ABBOTT AS PROTEUS, 1822.

not successful, being played only three times. On this occasion Kemble did not "improve" Shakspeare, as he was prone to do; but in 1808 he produced a very bad adaptation of the play, by himself, which was again unsuccessful, and reached only three performances. He himself played Valentine, and Pope was the Proteus—both of them much too old for their parts—Munden played Launce, with abundant grimace, no doubt, and Liston was the representative of Thurio. Liston played the same part in 1821-22 at Covent Garden, when, as is shown by the play-bill reproduced here, Shakspeare's comedy was produced as an opera! The perpetrator of this wickedness was Frederick Reynolds, who, in his amusing "Life and Times," defends the outrage, and considers that he was giving poor old Shakspeare a sort of leg-up by arranging songs, duets, glees, choruses, processions, and carnivals, to make his comedy go more brightly. We give portraits of two of the cast—Miss Hallande, the Sylvia, and Abbott, the Proteus. William Farren—the Farren, it will be noticed—played Thurio, and Miss Maria Tree, sweetest of singers, most charming of actresses, was the Julia. During the run of the opera a serious accident happened to Abbott, who was badly wounded in the face by Comer, who played one of the Outlaws. Another accident, of a less serious nature, happened to Liston at Bath once in 1822, when his dog refused to follow him, and the unhappy representative of Launce had to drag his faithful hound after him by the chain, the dog resisting with all his might.

The remaining portrait here given, that of Compton—to my mind, the most perfect comedian of modern times—recalls the production of "The Two Gentlemen" which was given by Macready in 1841. On this occasion the manager himself played Valentine, James Anderson was Proteus, Phelps the Duke, and a Miss Fortescue, who made an astonishing success in the part, was Julia. Compton did not on this occasion play Launce, Keeley having the prior claim; but he was very successful as Thurio, and in after years Launce became one of his best parts. R. W. L.



MR. VERNON AS THURIO, 1776.

"Then to Sylvia let us sing."

was almost an impossibility, and hurried off with my friend as soon as the ordeal was over. We lunched together, and then he told me that our fears were, to a great extent, realised. "The most trying part of the affair," said he, "was not so much what the doctor said as the accompaniment to his words. You know the house is next to St. Blank's Church, and the consulting-room is built almost against it. Almost as soon as he commenced to tell me what I must do, a fully choral marriage service commenced, and I heard the singing and the organ, till the doctor's words seemed to catch the rhythm of the melody." This incident has haunted me for the past month. Imagine the different emotions separated by a few feet of wall—on one side an ecstasy of joy and happiness, on the other a foretaste of dissolution! If a man could really and truly render such a scene, he would be a great artist, but to set down such a conflict of emotions on paper would need a Victor Hugo.



MR. QUICK AS LAUNCE, 1785.

"Here have I brought him back again."

A DRAMATIC SITUATION.

A dramatic situation is not readily found nowadays—or, at least, when found, it has not much originality. I discovered one the other day in the house of a well-known physician. I went with a friend whose health is of the worst, and, after waiting in the half-lit, paper-sprinkled seclusion of a reception-room for the usual interminable time, my companion went out to hear his fate like a brave man. I knew that a favourable medical verdict

AN EMINENT FREEMASON.

In view of the consecration of a new Masonic lodge in connection with St. Bartholomew's Hospital, which took place last Saturday, a *Sketch* representative on Thursday called on Dr. Clement Godson, to whose energy and Masonic enthusiasm the founding of the new lodge is mainly due. He kindly consented to relate the history of the new institution.

"When I was in the Chair of the Prince of Wales' Royal Arch Chapter, it was suggested that a meeting should be held to consider the subject, as there was a prevalent feeling that such a lodge would be a benefit. Mr. D'Arcy Power (who will be Treasurer of the new lodge) convened a meeting at his house, for initial steps. I was nominated as first Master, on account of my position in Masonry, and because I'm on the permanent staff of St. Bartholomew's Hospital and Medical School.

"Application was at once made to the Grand Lodge for a warrant, which was granted. Lord Lathom, the Pro-Grand Master, thought that the Prince of Wales, being President of the Hospital, would consent to be present at the consecration. It is, however, only ten days ago that his Royal Highness, amid his manifold duties, was in a position to signify his gracious consent. Then, too, Lord Lathom had to go abroad, otherwise, the lodge would have been consecrated before this. This very short notice will, unfortunately, prevent many brethren from a distance taking part in the ceremony; but, nevertheless, we can command a sufficient attendance to make it very brilliant. All the Provincial Grand Officers have been invited.

"At first it was proposed to confine membership to those who had received their medical education at St. Bartholomew's, but the privilege has been extended to any connected with the Hospital. The Lodge will be called the 'Rahere Lodge,' after Rahere, the King's minstrel, who founded St. Bartholomew's Hospital in 1123. The number of the Lodge is 2546 in the Grand Lodge of England. I have designed an enamelled jewel, with an effigy of Rahere.

"This is the first lodge of the kind, and it is interesting to note that the Prince of Wales has only once before assisted at a consecration. That was on Nov. 28, 1893, when the Prince, as a Bencher of the Middle Temple, took part in the consecration of Chancery Bar Lodge."

"Of course, none but the initiated will be admitted to the ceremony?"

"That is so," Dr. Godson replied; "the Lodge must be what we call 'close-tiled.' The Lodge bids fair to succeed, as applications for initiation and for 'joining' (that is, on the part of those who are already members of other lodges) have come in largely."

It is certainly appropriate that Dr. Godson should have been chosen as first Master. He held office at St. Bartholomew's as Assistant Physician-Accoucheur for nearly sixteen years, resigning in 1890, amid general regret. His "unwearying kindness to poor patients" won him a special recognition from the Committee. Then, too, his Masonic standing is very high. With him Freemasonry is a pet subject, and he can produce a wonderful record of service, couched in the quaintly mysterious language of the craft.

Dr. Clement Godson was initiated into Freemasonry and advanced to the sublime degree of a Master Mason in the St. Machar Lodge, Aberdeen, No. 54, under the Grand Lodge of Scotland in 1872, and the same year was exalted to the Royal Arch Degree and became a Mark Master Mason in the St. Machar Chapter. In 1879 he joined the Studholme Lodge, under the Grand Lodge of England, and was Worshipful Master of it in 1885-6. He joined the Prince of Wales Lodge, No. 259, in 1882, and is just entering into office in it. In 1873 he joined the Prince of Wales' Royal Arch Chapter, and in 1893 was its First Principal. Dr. Godson was one of the founders of the Studholme R. A. Chapter, and in 1886-7 was its First Principal. In 1894 he was W. Deputy Master of the Euston Lodge of Mark Master Masons. During his year of office the Duke of Connaught visited the Lodge to take, for the first time, his Chair of W. G. M. Dr. Godson also occupied the Chair of Worshipful Deputy Commander Noah in the Euston Lodge of Royal Ark Mariners, when his Royal Highness took, for the first time, his Chair of Commander Noah. He was elected President of the Board of Grand Stewards in 1892, and acted as such at the Grand Festival; was made a Grand Deacon in 1893 in the Grand Lodge of England, and on June 4 of this year was made a Grand Deacon in the Grand Lodge of Mark Master Masons, and has just been elected to the Chair of Eminent Preceptor in the Studholme Preceptory of Knights Templars. He is a member of the Studholme Chapter of the Eagle and Pelican Sovereign Prince's Rose Croix of H.R.D.M., and in May last received the thirtieth degree in Freemasonry from the Supreme Council. (There are thirty-three degrees in all.) He is a Knight of Malta, and holds office of P.C. of W. in the Euston Council of Royal Select and Super-excellent Masters. To these manifold Masonic distinctions, Dr. Godson adds the purely medical office of President of the British Gynaecological Society, which he has just addressed.

The Doctor has orders, badges, and insignia innumerable. His various jewels are an interesting sight in themselves. Some of them, however, have names that sound puzzling to the uninitiated outsider, such as the jewel of "P.Z.," or "Past Zerubbabel." He is privileged to wear the Charity Jewel, as a Life Governor of all the three Masonic charities, the colours of which are symbolically blended in the ribbon.

"This is not Masonry," concluded Dr. Godson, as his visitor took leave, "but I may, as a keen sportsman, perhaps point to these."

He indicated eleven magnificent antlered heads around the study and in the hall. The stags had all fallen, on Scottish hills, to the rifle of one who is as enthusiastic a deer-stalker as he is a physician and Freemason.

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WEEK-DAYS.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.
London (King's Cross) ... dep.	5 15	7 15	8 45	9 45	10 0	10 15	10 25	10 35	11 45
Sheringham arr.	10 11	1 0	2 28
Cromer (Beach)	10 20	1 10	2 35
Skegness	9 29	11 21	1 15
Ilkley	10 17	12 38	...	2 8	...	3 38	...	5 47	...
Harrogate	10 23	1 0	...	2 22	...	3 33	...	4 20	...
Scarborough	11 20	2 55	...	3 45	4 50	6 3	...
Whitby	12 9	4 25	...	4 25	5 59
Filey	11 38	3 11	3 35	A	4 48	6 21	...
Bridlington	11 20	1 54	3 0	3 20	4 3	5 52	...
Saltburn	12 21	4 5	5B30	8 7	...

WEEK-DAYS.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
London (King's Cross) ... dep.	12 30	12 40	1 30	2 20	2 30	3 0	3 20	4 15	5 45
Sheringham arr.	...	4 52	7 9
Cromer (Beach)	5 0	7 15
Skegness	4 13	7 25	9 40	a.m.
Ilkley	6 3	8 57	...	8 43
Harrogate	6 17	8 29	12 0	5 50
Scarborough	6 55	7 10	7 50	...	10 19	11 45	5 35
Whitby	10 49	...	6 20
Filey	7 36	...	8 37	...	9 12	...	6 42
Bridlington	6 44	9 14	...	7 18
Saltburn	8 58	...	10 57	...	6 48

† Through carriages to Sheringham and Cromer by these Trains.

• A From July 13 to Sept. 21 inclusive.

B On Saturdays due Saltburn 6.22 p.m.

C On Sunday mornings arrives Harrogate 8.5, Filey 8.54, Bridlington 8.16, and Saltburn 8.6.

HENRY OAKLEY, General Manager.

GREAT NORTHERN, NORTH EASTERN, AND NORTH BRITISH RAILWAYS.

EAST COAST "EXPRESS" ROUTE TO SCOTLAND.
IMPROVED AND ACCELERATED
EXPRESS TRAINS FROM LONDON (King's Cross).
JULY SERVICE, 1895.

	C	C	C	C	A	B	DE	G	F
	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
London (King's Cross) dep.	5 15	10 0	10 35	2 20	7 30	8 0	8 30	10 0	10 40
Edinburgh arr.	3* 5	6 30	8 45	10 50	3 55	4 13	5 45	6 40	8 50
Glasgow	5 15	8 0	10 25	5 55	7 30	9 0	10 10
Craigendaran	5 34	7 31	8 1	8 50	11 8
Callander	5*15	8 45	12 30	6 45	9 30	9 20	1 20
Oban	8*42	...	4 45	9 25	12 20	12 20	4 53
Fort William	9 46	11 51	12 41	6 30	...
Perth	5 37	7 52	10 30	...	5 5	5 20	7 40	8 16	10 56
Dunkeld	8 2	...	11 17	6 57	10 5	10 5	12 38
Dundee	6 10	8 10	10 47	5 33	8 50	8 50	11 18
Aberdeen	8 40	10 5	12 45	7 20	11 0	11 0	1 35
Ballater	9 45	9 45	2 10	2 10	4 50
Inverness	6*10	11 5	2*40	2*40	6 5

A. From July 22 to Aug. 9 inclusive, Saturdays and Sundays excepted.

B. Weekdays (Saturdays excepted) and Sundays. Will run specially on Saturday, Aug. 10.

C. On week-days only.

From morning of July 23 to Aug. 10 will be in connection at Perth with a Special Express in advance of the Mail, conveying Passengers for stations north of Inverness.

D. Week-days and Sundays.

E. Not run to Craigendaran, Callander, Oban, Fort William, or Ballater, on Sunday mornings. F. On week-days, but on Saturday nights will not run north of Berwick. G. Week-days (Saturdays excepted), July 1 to Sept. 30. * These times apply from July 8 to Aug. 31 only, from July 1 to 6 inclusive will arrive at Edinburgh 3.40 p.m. and Callander 7.15 p.m. † On Sundays is due Inverness 1.30 p.m. ‡ Saturdays excepted.

CORRIDOR DINING CAR SALOONS (First and Third Class) are attached to the 2.20 p.m. Express from London (King's Cross).

SLEEPING CARRIAGES are attached to all night trains.

June 1895.

By Order.

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—LORD MACAULAY.

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R. G. COLHOUN, Traffic Manager.

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NOTICE TO TOURISTS.

The principal Seaside and Health Resorts of Ireland are situated on this Company's System. BUNDORAN (on the Atlantic Coast) is pronounced by eminent medical authorities to be the most invigorating Seaside Resort in the United Kingdom, and is within a few miles by rail of LOUGH ERNE (THE IRISH LAKES), which district offers splendid sport for Rod and Gun. ROSTREVOR.—Balm and restorative climate. WARRENPOINT, MALAHIDE, HOWTH, exhilarating and attractive health resorts.

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THOS. ROBERTSON, General Manager.

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THE HARWICH-HOOK route is the quickest to Holland (12 hours to Amsterdam) and cheapest to Germany.

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Passengers leave London (Liverpool Street Station) at 8.30 p.m. Direct service to Harwich, via Lincoln or Peterborough and March, from Scotland, the North, and Midlands, saving time and money. Dining car from York. HAMBURG by G.S.N. Co.'s s.s., Wednesday and Saturday. Cheap tickets and tours to all parts of the Continent. Read the G.E.R. Co.'s "Tourist Guide to the Continent," prices 6d., post 8d. Particulars at the G.E.R. Co.'s American Rendezvous, 2, Cockspur Street, S.W.; or of the Continental Manager, Liverpool Street Station, E.C.

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"A Fairyland has been created."—SPORTSMAN.

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IMRE KIRALFY.

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ADJOINING EARL'S COURT STATION.

LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.

SPECIAL TRIP ROUND THE ISLE OF WIGHT.—SATURDAY.

JULY 6. A First and Second Class Special Fast Train will leave Victoria 9.30 a.m. Clapham Junction 9.35 a.m., and West Croydon 9.50 a.m., for Portsmouth, connecting there with a Special Steamer for a trip round the Isle of Wight, returning in time for the Up Special Fast Train at 6.15 p.m. Fares, Train and Steamer, First Class, 12s. 6d., Second Class, 7s. 6d.

Tickets may be taken at the Victoria Station, or at the General Inquiry and Booking Offices, 28, Regent Street, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square, on and from the preceding Monday. (By Order) A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN AND CALEDONIAN RAILWAYS (WEST COAST ROYAL MAIL ROUTE).—The following ADDITIONAL AND ACCELERATED TRAIN SERVICE now in operation.—WEEK-DAYS.

CORRIDOR DINING-CAR TRAIN TO EDINBURGH, GLASGOW, AND ABERDEEN, FROM EUSTON 2 P.M.

	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	A	p.m.	A
	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.	night.
London (Euston) dep.	5 15	7 15	10 0	2 0	8 0	8 50	10 0
Edinburgh (Princes St.) arr.	3 45	5 50	6 30	10 45	...	6 40	8 0
Glasgow (Central)	3 40	6 0	6 45	10 35	...	6 45	8 5
Greenock	5 39	7 5	7 40	12 9	...	8 0	9*17
Gourock	4 53	7 15	7 50	12 18	...	8*10	9*10
Oban	8 42	4 45	9 25	12*20	12*20
Perth	5 30	...	7 55	12 18	5 30	7 55	9*40
Inverness, via Dunkeld	6*10	10Y40	2*40	6*5
Dundee	7 15	...	8 40	1 5	7 30	8 55	12*10
Aberdeen	9 5	...	10 15	3 0	7 40	...	12*0
Ballater	9 45	...	2*10
Inverness, via Aberdeen	7*55	1 35	...	6*5

Y—Arrives at Inverness via Dunkeld at 11.5 a.m. from July 1 to 16.

† Arrives Inverness 1.30 p.m. Sundays.

* On Saturday nights the 8.50 and 10 p.m. trains from Euston do not convey passengers to stations marked * (Sunday mornings in Scotland).

Passengers for Stations North of Motherwell must leave Euston by the 8.50 p.m. train on Saturday nights. The 10 p.m. has no connection to those stations.

A—The 8 p.m. Highland Express and the 12 night train will run every night (except Saturdays). On Saturdays, passengers by the 2 p.m. train from London are not conveyed beyond Perth by the Highland Railway, and only as far as Aberdeen by the Caledonian Railway.

A special train will leave Euston (Saturdays and Sundays excepted) at 6.20 p.m. from July 8 to Aug. 9, inclusive, for the conveyance of horses and private carriages only to all parts of Scotland. A special carriage for the conveyance of dogs will be attached to this train.

Sleeping Saloons to Perth, Aberdeen, Edinburgh, and Glasgow by night trains. Extra charge, 5s. for each berth.

For further particulars, see the Companies' Time-Tables, Guides, and Notices.

FRED. HARRISON, Gen. Man., L. & N. W. Railway.

JAMES THOMPSON, Gen. Man., Caledonian Railway.

July 1895.

MIDLAND RAILWAY.

THE MOST INTERESTING ROUTE TO SCOTLAND,

embracing the Best parts of the Land of Burns,

Home and Haunts of Sir Walter Scott, the FORTH

BRIDGE, &c., on the Direct Line of Route.

TRAIN SERVICE FROM JULY 1.

	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
LONDON (St. Pancras) ... dep.	5 15	5 15	10 30	10 35	2 10	9 15	9 20
Carlisle arr.	1 5	1 5	5 0	5 45	8 55	4A5	4 35
Ayr	4 50	7 45	...	11 34	...	8 0
Glasgow (St. Enoch)	3 55	7 35	...	11 25	...	7 30
Greenock	4 30	8 15	...	12 18	...	8 22
Oban	4 45	...	12B20	...
Fort William	12 40	...
EDINBURGH (Wav.)	3 55	8 23	...	6A30	...
Perth	5 37	10 30	...	8 16	...
Dundee	6 10	10 47	...	8 50	...
Aberdeen	8 40	12 45	...	11 0	...
Inverness	6B10	...	2 40	...
Stranraer (For Belfast)	5 30	8 7

A—During September, passengers will reach Carlisle at 4.10, and Edinburgh at 6.45 a.m.

B—No connection to this Station on Sundays by this train.

*FIRST AND THIRD CLASS DINING CARRIAGES

are now running between London (St. Pancras) and Glasgow (St. Enoch) in each direction, ON BOTH MORNING AND AFTERNOON EXPRESSES, leaving London (St. Pancras) at 10.30 a.m. and 2.10 p.m., and Glasgow (St. Enoch) at 10 a.m. and 1.30 p.m. TABLE D'HOTE, TEA, and other refreshments served en route.

WESTERN HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS OF SCOTLAND.

A THROUGH EXPRESS IS RUN BETWEEN LONDON (ST. PANCRAS) and GREENOCK, conveying Tourists from London and all parts of the Midland Railway System, for the Firth of Clyde and the Western Highlands and Islands of Scotland.

SPECIAL DAYLIGHT SERVICE TO ROTHESAY, via GREENOCK (PRINCE'S PIER).

A Daylight Service throughout to the Highlands and Watering Places on the Firth of Clyde, will be given during July and August, from London (St. Pancras) at 10.30 a.m., arriving at Greenock at 8.15 p.m., in time to join the G. & S. W. Railway Co.'s Steamer reaching Rothesay at 9.30 p.m.

LUNCHEON, DINING, AND SLEEPING SALOON CARS by some of the Express Trains from and to London (St. Pancras).

FAMILY SALOONS, INVALID CARRIAGES, ENGAGED COMPARTMENTS, &c., arranged on application.

Time Tables, Illustrated Guides, Programmes, &c., giving full information as to Fares, Circular Tours, &c., may be had on application at the Company's Stations and Agencies.

Derby, July 1895.

GEO. H. TURNER, General Manager.

THE SAXE-COBURG COMPANY.

Photographs by Carl Bellach, Leipzig.

The performance of Strauss's charming operetta, "Die Fledermaus," introduced a new member of the Saxe-Coburg Company to the London playgoer in the person of Fräulein Annie Dirkens-Drews, who made a most fascinating Rosalinde, and it requires more than a little talent for comedy to play the part of Baron Eisenstein's bewitching wife with due effect. The lady is a soubrette who has obtained a considerable reputation in Germany. Born in Berlin about twenty years ago, she took her first singing-lessons at Stern's Conservatorium, Berlin, where, under the guidance of Mdle. Jeanne Meyer, she remained three years. This was followed by a further course of study at the Royal Conservatorium at Dresden, under the direction of Mdle. Falkenberg, and in 1891 she made her first appearance, at the Victoria Theatre, Berlin, as Liebseelchen, in the "Sieben Raben." The following year she sang at the Dresden Opera, and in 1893 she was engaged by Director Staegemann for a series of performances at the Stadttheater, Leipzig, where she successfully created Jessie Bond's part of Yum-Yum in the German version of Sullivan's "Mikado." She has also appeared at the Adolf Ernst Theatre, Berlin. Her claims to favourable consideration as an actress and a singer were immediately recognised at Drury Lane, and she was deservedly applauded throughout the evening. To an exceedingly prepossessing appearance she unites a soprano voice of great sweetness and flexibility. By the way, she speaks English without a trace of foreign accent. As her husband (in "Die Fledermaus") Herr Mahling made a less humorous Eisenstein than one could have wished. The laughter, however, which he failed to evoke, was not wanting when the chorus entered in the second act. They sang excellently.

It seemed rather a mistake, after the Carl Rosa Company had played "Hansel and Gretel" throughout the whole winter season here, to put on Herr Humperdinck's now famous opera. Comparisons are necessarily odious, but, unfortunately, inevitable; and the Drury Lane representation on Monday night consequently suffered. Fräulein Farkas as Gretel, and Fräulein Altona as Hansel, were satisfactory as far as the singing went, but their acting was utterly and entirely lacking in any charm. They were both terribly stiff, and their movements were very jerky and ungraceful.

Yet another comic opera in the repertoire of the company is "Die verkaufte Braut," or "The Bargained Bride," of Smetana, which was given for the first time on Wednesday evening. As Dvorák's master, Smetana has been often heard of lately; but, with the score of "Die verkaufte Braut" before one, it is easy to see whence the

more famous pupil drew much of his inspiration. "Die verkaufte Braut" is not entirely dependent on its music for success. It has what most comic operas lack—a distinct plot, the gist of which is that Hans agrees to sell his betrothed bride Marie for a sum of money, stipulating only that she shall become the bride of none other than "Micha's son." Everybody is jubilant, for Marie's father and mother and Micha and his wife have all along wished that Wenzel, Micha's son, a rich booby, should marry Marie. Hans meets Marie's



FRÄULEIN DIRKENS-DREWS AS CHRISTEL IN "DER VOGELHÄNDLER."



FRÄULEIN DIRKENS-DREWS AS NELLI IN "DER OBERSTEIGER."

reproaches with such laughing indifference that she consents to marry Wenzel, when, at the last moment, her not altogether deserving lover turns up and declares that he is Micha's long-lost son, whom everybody supposed dead. There is an exceedingly charming quartette in the last act, "Noch ein veilchen Marie," which was much appreciated. Fräulein Wassiliewits made a pretty, plump peasant-girl, as Marie.

Sandwiched between "Hänsel und Gretel" and "Die verkaufte Braut" was "Die Heimath," or "Magda," as it has been christened by Bernhardt and Duse. There is not, of course, among the Saxe-Coburg company any actress with the genius or the talent of the great French or the great Italian *tragédienne*, and, consequently, in the Drury Lane rendering, Magda herself is quite subordinated to the Schwartz of Herr Klein. The part of the tyrannical old father was played with such force and power, and, withal, such a touch of pathos, that everybody else seems to sink into insignificance. Herr Klein was terrible in his wrath, and his eyes made one shudder. The point of view of the play is wholly shifted. Madame Bernhardt and La Duse play it as they entitle it, "Magda," but the Saxe-Coburg Company, on the same principle, should call it "Schwartz." Herr Larg, as the Pastor, was so restrained as to be nearly unemotional; instead of sympathising with him, one felt, at times, really inclined to shake him. Franziska was admirably played by Fräulein Wörsch, while Herr Heimhoff, the Robert of "Die Ehre," became Magda's faithless lover. The most striking feature in all these performances is the finish with which the smallest and most thankless part is played. The company is so strong that a part of it will give performances at the Savoy Theatre on alternate nights with Duse. To-night they give "Die Heimath," and to-morrow "Hasemann's Tochter." The other part of the company appears nightly at "the Lane."

AT RANDOM.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."

Once more we are on the edge of that bath of chaotic claptrap, a General Election. The expert divers are posturing on the high spring-board; the moderately inexperienced are cutting the best figure they can for the benefit of the novices, who shiver on the brink near the shallowest places, and tap themselves on the chest after the manner of nervous bathers, trying to pump up a little courage. Presently there will be a carnival of splashing and spluttering, dexterous antics of party swimming by masters of the art, and astute deceptions by veterans who, when anything is to be concealed, can stay an unconscionably long while under water. Beginners make up their minds to swallow a good deal of the electioneering element in which they disport themselves laboriously, and, from time to time, you hear half-stifled cries from stout politicians in cork belts which get displaced, so that their wearers appear suddenly, now and then, wrong end uppermost. When your ear grows accustomed to the din, you detect familiar phrases—"policy of revolution," "dishonest truckling," "infamous obstruction"; and you notice that the spectators who are gathered round the bath, some amused, some excited, others a little bewildered, are apostrophised by the performers as the wisest of mankind, whose discerning souls cannot hesitate to award the palm of public spirit and national service to a particular set of noblemen and gentlemen who are distinguished from another set by the cut and colour of their bathing costumes.

There was a period—I confess it with shame—when I had some ambition to be a Parliamentary candidate. There are always candidates who are never elected—noble fellows, who give up time and money, preferably the money of other people, to an inspiring cause. It was this spirit of self-sacrifice that awakened my ardour, made me an assiduous auditor at public meetings, and eventually translated me to the platform, and to the glorious office of moving a vote of thanks. How well I recall the first occasion when this honour descended upon me! Some managing eye, glancing round the platform, singled me out as a likely person for the inevitable tribute to the eminent public man who had delivered an address on national affairs. In the delirium of the moment I forgot him, and instead of meekly expressing the gratitude of the meeting for the noble sentiments and the irresistible arguments he had recited, I launched into a disquisition which provoked dissenting outcries from the back of the hall, while the managing eye glared horribly, and the eminent public man made violent gestures of impatience! I came to dislike eminent public men. They struck me as grasping, inordinately fond of their own voices, perfectly unscrupulous in the consumption of time. They would hold forth a couple of hours, while any prospect of getting a hearing for my compact little speech of forty minutes slowly and grimly faded from my view. They were treated with servile respect by chairmen and other underlings, one of whom once pulled me forcibly into my seat in the middle of a piece of rhetoric I was particularly proud of; and all because an eminent public man had suddenly arrived from another meeting, and would not wait till my flow of eloquence was over. It seemed to me that this diseased egotism sprang from the habit of wanting to be elected, the eternal craving for the letters M.P., shedding dazzling radiance after one's name, like the tail of a comet; whereas I, the real incarnation of public spirit, was perfectly content to remain outside the House of Commons and make myself happy, like a disinterested Peri at the gate of that Paradise.

In the course of this devotional apprenticeship I had some instructive experiences. I have visited quaint towns and lectured in workmen's clubs, where the orator has to face the stimulating competition of the incessant dispensation of drinks. The workman, on these occasions, was like Old King Cole: "he called for his pipe, and he called for his bowl," and the absence of his fiddlers three was an unaccountable oversight. I have striven to hold his attention with the most strenuous appeal, only to see him slowly shake his head and disappear behind a mug. There have been strange misunderstandings. Once, from the top of a cart in the middle of a field, I did battle with a stolid elector who interrupted me in an unintelligible dialect. I poured odium on his head, but the crowd looked puzzled, and the occupants of the cart became strangely agitated. At last one of them whispered in my ear, "Good gracious, man, stop that! he's our chief supporter in the district!" Another time, a burly farmer suddenly ejaculated "Bosh!" I expostulated with him. "Bosh!" he repeated. What logic can avail against the deadly iteration of one disrespectful epithet? Insubordination broke out all over the meeting. A gentleman in an apron, who had been staring hard at my feet, exclaimed, in a tone of injury, "Why d'ye come here in patent-leather shoes?" Had I known by instinct that this was the local

cobbler, I might have begged him to do me the honour of making me another pair. But you cannot always be ready with an answer soft enough to turn away wrath, though I remember that a venerable lady who spoke the same evening had assured the audience that the principles she and I were expounding came straight from the Bible.

I used to wonder whether the old martial gusto of electioneering was dying out, and whether the impulse to smite the politician who disagrees with you was too primitive for these piping times of sweet reasonableness. But there came a night when I knew that the exultant zest of battle was not dead, when the enemy brought a brass band to drown the voice of truth with "barbaric yawp," when the marksmen lay in ambush with the rotten eggs. The hall where I had wooed a sympathetic throng with melodious candour was surrounded by a raging mob, and it became needful to slip out by a postern in the rear. We crept down a dark passage in silence, and listened at the door. Here there was no hostile sound; but why did the door refuse to budge when it was unbarred? We tugged amain, and suddenly it opened, disclosing a stout cord attached to the outer handle. There was just a glimpse of a threatening crew pulling the other way, when swift came a volley of eggs, one of which took me neatly between the eyes, while a howl of triumph burst from the foe. It was revealed to me then that, as an effective repartee, the egg is without a rival. I felt the enemy's case trickling persuasively down my nose, and streaking my shirt with perfumed conviction. I looked like a fresco fresh from the hand of a skilful artist, and it occurred to me that, if a General Election were fought in this fashion, it would be much more picturesque, more educational, than the clumsy method of vociferous assertion and contradiction, to say nothing of the immense advantage to a praiseworthy industry. If I were a candidate who wished to be elected by the British farmers, I should issue an address couched in these simple terms, "In the name of the Prophet, eggs!" And I should earnestly adjure all parties in the State to adopt the egg as their exclusive weapon of controversy.

If you could hit your opponent plump in the eye with this missile, would you trouble to heap adjectives on his moral turpitude? I agree with the hero of Mr. Hichens's brilliant book, "An Imaginative Man," that words are the curse of our civilisation. Henry Denison falls in love with the Sphinx, and is straightway convinced that boundless stillness is the only fount of wisdom. He ceases to speak to his wife, and she jumps to the conclusion that he is unfaithful, in the traditional, commonplace way. But if she had known that his mistress was a stony silence, would she not have been more jealous still? There is the classic instance of Mr. Caudle, who was most provoking to his spouse when he was least communicative; and if men were to bind themselves by a solemn league and covenant to leave speech absolutely to women, the volume of feminine exasperation would be prodigious. But, after a century or two, even women, who have a marvellous flexibility, would adapt themselves to the new human need; a silent race would spring up, and the survival of chatterboxes would be regarded as abnormal, a phenomenon to be investigated by the folklorists and the Society for Psychical Research. Conversation would not be missed, for, as a rule, nobody says anything that is worth hearing, and colloquial intercourse is like swimming in seas of twaddle. The pest of oratory would become extinct, and the culture of the written word, stimulated by the concentration of energy, would attain extraordinary excellence. Who can fail to see that literature would gain by the suppression of talk? If lady novelists never spoke, how much better they would write! At present, speech begets a pernicious fluency, and the pen wags with the fatal rapidity of the tongue; but when the tongue has been still for ages, what incomparable beauties of style will be purveyed in three volumes to Mr. Mudie's subscribers!

This may strike some sceptical persons as a chimera, but it is not less attainable than the simple life to which a French writer has just devoted an eloquent volume. He says the first requisite of the simple life is simplicity of mind, and you can achieve this by determining that your thoughts and acts shall accord with the highest law of your being, and with the eternal purpose which has given you existence. "Let a flower be a flower, a swallow a swallow, a rock a rock, and a man a man, not a fox, nor a hare, nor a bird of prey." It is quite easy, once you have made up your mind, to imitate the confidence of the rain, the dawn, the stream which runs to the sea. The rain never has caprices, and says it will not fall; the dawn does not refuse to enlighten the world; the stream does not run away from the sea just for a change. The people who have no confidence are the pessimists, and pessimism is inhuman. To be a pessimist is to conduct yourself as if you created the world in your youth, and subsequently decided that it was a great blunder. When a man can write a book about these conditions of the simple life, I do not despair of ultimate silence in our noisy, too articulate world.

SMALL TALK.

The Queen, as at present arranged, is to leave Windsor for Osborne on July 18. Her Majesty will leave the Castle shortly after ten o'clock, travelling by special train to the Clarence Yard at Gosport, whence she will cross to Trinity Pier, East Cowes, in the royal yacht *Alberta*.



FRONTISPIECE OF THE ALBUM PRESENTED TO THE DUC D'AOSTA.

The Queen will remain at Osborne until the middle of August, when the Court will proceed direct to Balmoral and remain till the end of November.

The Queen has spent her mornings at Frogmore during the recent hot weather, and a tent has been pitched in the garden for her accommodation. The Queen finds this arrangement pleasanter than working in the house. Her Majesty is usually kept busily employed from ten till one, and a couple of mounted grooms ride to and fro from Windsor Castle, carrying despatch-boxes from Sir Arthur Bigge, and returning them when the Queen has gone through their contents. Since the installation of the telephone between Windsor Castle and Frogmore, a good deal of this riding backwards and forwards has become unnecessary, with a consequent saving of much time.

Personally the Queen will regret Lord Rosebery's resignation, for he has always been a great favourite at Court, the Queen never having forgotten the ready tact he displayed upon the first occasion that he encountered her Majesty. When quite a young man, and still at Oxford, Lord Rosebery happened to be staying in the neighbourhood of Windsor

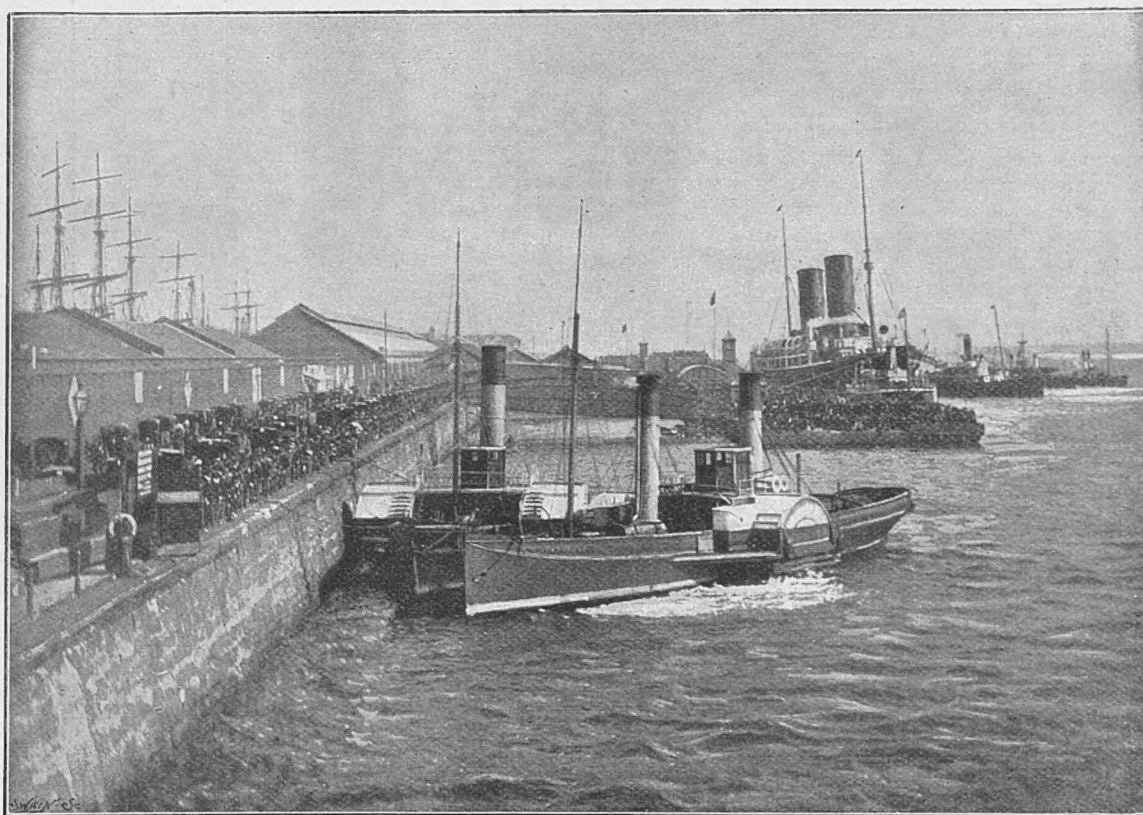
Castle, and chanced to meet the Queen in the Great Park. Her Majesty, recognising the young peer, beckoned him to come and speak to her. English-like, the Queen commenced her conversation with the weather, and remarked upon the gloominess of the day. "Madame, it is always fine where you are," gallantly replied Lord Rosebery, to the great delight of the Queen. Now that Lord Rosebery has gratified his ambition by being Premier of England, it is possible that the engagement between him and the Princess Victoria of Wales, which has been so often rumoured, and equally often denied, may become an accomplished fact.

The Duke and Duchess of Coburg's garden-party at St. James's Palace this afternoon is, to a certain extent, a farewell entertainment, as they are shortly leaving England. The Duke and Duchess are going to Coburg—travelling by way of Ostend and Cologne—and the Duke is to proceed later to Kissingen, for a stay of three weeks. Towards the end of August, the Prince of Wales is to visit the Duke and Duchess at their beautiful Château of Reinhardsbrunn, in the Thuringian Forest, when there will be some grand hunting-parties.

The Orléans wedding was a very brilliant affair indeed. The quiet little riverside church of St. Raphael, Kingston-on-Thames, had seen no such wedding since the marriages of the Duc de Chartres and the Comte de Paris, which took place there in 1863 and 1864. Here, by the way, is a reduced reproduction of the title-page of the album which was presented to the Duke by the officers of the 5th Regiment of Artillery, of which he is colonel, when he left Turin to meet his future bride. The album is composed of a series of photographs and sketches by his fellow-officers.

It is said that the bodice trimming of pearls and diamonds given by the Duc to his bride includes some of the finest pear-shaped pearls in the world. They were chosen at the Ponte Vecchio in Florence, which is considered the finest pearl-market in Europe. It must be nice to have in one's possession something absolutely unique, which no other woman can either emulate or attain. A Bond Street jeweller has at present in his possession a mighty ruby, valued at over ten thousand pounds, and an American lady recently purchased the finest pink diamond in existence at a price the reverse of modest. Two sets of sables, each valued at thirteen thousand pounds sterling, are respectively owned by the Empress of Russia and the Duchess of Coburg. In summer these furs are examined every day, in case an intrusive moth should find its way into such costly refuges.

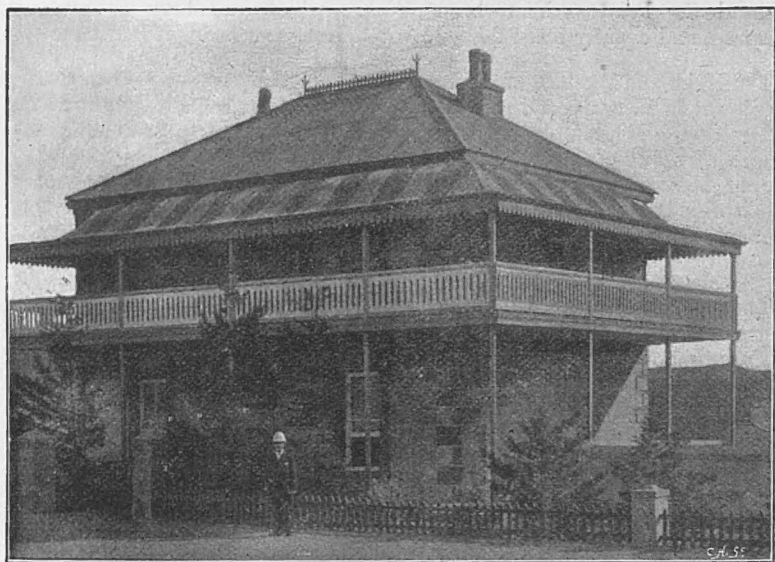
Liverpool has faced, with great energy, the rivalry created in Manchester by the Ship Canal and at Southampton as an American traffic port, by bringing the railway terminus to the Prince's Dock, where the Atlantic liners anchor. In this effort to keep itself abreast, Liverpool has had the advantage of the co-operation of the harbour authorities and the London and North-Western Railway Company, and the new riverside station will be formally opened to-day. The dock has had to be deepened and the railway extended. The saving in time is very considerable. Thus, the passengers by the *Lucania*, though the ocean passage occupied 5 hrs. 11 min. longer than the same vessel's record voyage, were set down in London in 6 days 8 hrs. 43 min. from Sandy Hook, or in 2 hrs. 12 min. less time than the fastest passage yet made between Sandy Hook and the Needles. A further 4½ hrs. would be necessary in the transit from the Needles to Southampton.



THE NEW LANDING-PLACE AT LIVERPOOL.

Photo by C. J. Conway, Liverpool.

The return to England of George Lohmann from the Cape is specially interesting at this moment of cricket booms. Here is a photograph of the house, Reston Villa, Matjesfontein, South Africa, where he has been recruiting. Matjesfontein is about one hundred and ninety-five miles



GEORGE LOHMANN'S HOME AT MATJESFONTEIN.

Photo by Mr. Hillier, Cape Town.

inland from Cape Town, about three thousand feet above the sea-level, and is built on the Great Karoo, one of the healthiest districts in all the world.

Dr. Grace has been honoured at a banquet, given to him in Bristol, the company including the Bishop of Hereford, the Dean of Bristol, and the Duke of Beaufort. The most interesting feature of the proceedings was the revelation that "W. G.'s" mother was an enthusiast for cricket, and that she had often bowled the future Champion in her own garden. It has been suggested that this would be a capital subject for an allegorical group in statuary. There is a supplementary incident of equal interest, for "W. G." has a son who has actually bowled his mighty father! This also might be commemorated in the allegory. A monument of this kind would keep "W. G.'s" memory green for generations by giving a perpetual stimulus to youthful ambition in the cricket field. By the way, a fine Supplement of sixteen pages appeared in the *Album* on Monday, giving many interesting portraits of Dr. Grace and his brothers, and a narrative of the Champion's career. Every cricketer should possess a copy of the *Album* with such a unique record.

It would appear to me that those unfortunates—and their name is legion—who have suffered from the depreciation (a somewhat mild term in this connection) of South American securities, had better, like the sons of Jacob, take their money (if they have any left) in their hand, and go forth to sojourn among the scenes of their losses, and wait for better times. The country seems to be a veritable Land of Goshen, flowing with milk and honey—I'm not quite sure about the honey—but a friend of a friend, writing from Buenos Ayres, who has been taking a circular tour in "them strange outlandish parts," describes the fertility and resources of the country as something wonderful, while, as for the prices of provisions, the quotations were so ridiculously fractional as compared with those of our provision-dealers that they make, if not one's mouth water, at least one's attenuated purse do so. Fancy the carcass of a prime sheep in splendid condition, and weighing at least sixty pounds, only about three shillings and ninepence! Imagine a plump young partridge for the absurd sum of threepence-halfpenny! Here be stirring news, and, if only other prices are equally reasonable, the sooner "splendid paupers" start for South America the better. But, alas! all things have their seamy side. From another quarter I remember hearing that house-rent was appalling. To feed on three-shilling sheep and threepenny partridges would hardly compensate for living *al fresco*.

The brilliant Milanese Professor, Paolo Bellezza, who may be expected in London in two or three weeks' time, sends me a copy of an Italian cycling paper, *La Bicicletta*, a four-page folio sheet, published about twice a week. In this I find that Signor Bellezza, in the dual rôle of ardent cyclist and man of letters, has been trying to trace the first poem in which reference is made to the pastime indulged in by wheelmen and wheelwomen. He fancies he has found this in a little eight-line piece, "Le Vélocipède," by Théodore de Banville, comprised, with other short compositions, under the heading "Triolets," in that writer's volume called "Occidentales." In this poem, which is dated July 1868, De Banville, as Bellezza remarks, has not been over-complimentary to the cyclist, to whom he sarcastically alludes as a new animal for Buffon—"half wheel, half brain." With his wonted thoroughness, my Milanese friend has taken the trouble to translate the poem into Italian verse.

A lady friend of mine who makes it her duty to attend "Park Parade" on Sundays, tells me that, on the Sunday after Ascot, that

intensely hot day, when to lounge in flannels under a tree was a terrible exertion, there were more fashionably dressed folks around the statue of Achilles than on any other Sunday this season. Of course, this particular Sunday always is a full one, so many country cousins having come to town for Ascot. Then, too, the ladies dearly love to exhibit themselves and their Ascot finery. Talking of which finery, by the way, reminds me that my friend, who is very severe on the fashions of this year, tells me that they appear to be somewhat toning down; they are not so aggressive in colour, nor are the "rainbow hues" (my apologies to the rainbow) quite so shockingly mixed. A lady does not necessarily any longer wear the whole of "flaming June" on her head, nor need her mantle swear audibly at the remainder of her costume.

It is rather odd that on this same Sunday, when there were more people in London than ever, there appeared to me to be more on the river. As I lay on the turf, in view of a certain lock not a hundred miles from Maidenhead, I saw, I should think, nearly a score of steam-launches and half a hundred of small craft waiting impatiently to pass up the river, and oh! how deplorably warm they all looked! As they waited, a nice young lady, alone in a skiff, came down the stream, and had to pass through the whole bevy, which ranged themselves like battleships at a review to allow her to pass. This she did very daintily and charmingly, I thought, and, like that jolly young waterman of long ago, she "feathered her oars with skill and dexterity." I was told by another lady that she always did it, every Sunday, "just to show off her pulling, her frock, and herself"—which speech seemed to me to show that female envy, malice, and uncharitableness yet linger—in spite of the higher education—in the reaches of the ancient silver Thames.

A very pleasant incident occurred in connection with her Majesty's journey south. Hearing that Mr. George P. Neele, the General Superintendent of the London and North-Western Railway, was travelling with the royal train for the 112th and last time in his official capacity, her Majesty was pleased, on arriving at Ballater Station, to summon Mr. Neele to her presence, and to express to him her regret at his intended retirement from the service of the London and North-Western Railway on July 31, and her complete appreciation of his constant attention to herself and to all the members of the royal family during the numerous journeys they have made for so many years past over the London and North-Western line.

A correspondent writes: "You quite missed the point of the epigram on Constantine Phipps, quoted by you last week, by omitting to say that he broke his leg when rising from family worship."

Miss Leslie Greenwood comes of an old theatrical stock, her grandfather being a partner of the late tragedian, Mr. Samuel Phelps, at Sadler's Wells Theatre in the days of its Shaksperian glories. Like many of our best and most charming actresses, Miss Greenwood has, up to the present, mainly and successfully wooed the provinces. She will be remembered as the Mrs. Felix Ralston in "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," at the Princess's Theatre, and with Mr. Willie Edouin's company as Mrs. Courtney in "Daughters," and Madame Volant in "Our Flat." After an engagement with the late Mr. T. W. Robertson in "The Times"—Miss Greenwood was the Lady Ripstow—the clever actress toured for six months in South Africa with brilliant success, playing Mrs. Seabrook in "Captain Swift," Mrs. Ralston in "Jim the Penman," Lady Audley in "Lady Audley's Secret," and numerous other leading parts. On her return, she was seen, as Lady Castlegordon, in "The Amazons," at the Court Theatre, Lady Hunstanton and Mrs. Arbuthnot in "A Woman of No Importance," the Fairy Queen at the Grand, Plymouth, and, since that time, Miss Greenwood has been in great demand for "star" parts. She is at present touring with Willie Edouin, by whom she was engaged to create the part of Mrs. Brett in "Qwong-Hi." Dashing in appearance, and with a most fascinating dramatic method, Miss Greenwood, although little longer than six years on the stage, has already asserted her position in the first ranks of "leading ladies."



MISS LESLIE GREENWOOD.

Photo by Draycott, Birmingham.

Within the last few days the Shahzada has had as busy a time of it as he is ever likely or cares to have again. His staff, native and English alike, will be glad, I should think, when the visit is at an end, for in this hot weather the formalities of a royal retinue must be very exhausting. Colonel Muhammad Akram Khan is the young prince's brother-in-law, while Colonel Muhammad Hassein Khan is Chief of the Staff. Mr. J. A. Martin is Agent-General to the Ameer.

"Erskine Gower" wrote a pretty poem; the editor—he of the *Realm*—put to it what he considered finishing touches; and when "Erskine Gower" asked whether that was a customary procedure, "It is the custom of editors to edit," said the editor autocratically. Thus much one learns from the *Daily Chronicle*, whose heart bleeds; for "Erskine Gower," it has discovered, "is a lady of high rank." Just think of it—editing the writings of a great lady! Beating in the sympathetic bosom of the *Daily Chronicle*, the heart of the people cannot make head or tail of the idea, and soundly rates the editor of the *Realm* on his heedlessness of who's who. It is amusing to find the Radical journalist aghast at the Tory's lack of snobbishness, since it is clear, from his own showing in detail, that the finishing touches really did make the pretty verses prettier. On the question of principle involved in this amusing incident, the *Daily Chronicle* has neither a leg nor a head to stand on, for the name "Erskine Gower," though to many readers (such as those of the *English Illustrated Magazine*) an open secret, is a pseudonym, after all, and it becomes an editor to make both anonymous and pseudonymous writings as nigh perfect as he can.



Akram Khan. Hassein Khan. The Kotwal of Kabul.
SOME OF THE SHAHZADA'S STAFF.

A singular, if not particularly useful, piece of historico-antiquarian work has been completed by the archivists of Madrid, acting on the instructions of the Queen-Regent and for the benefit of the little King. The lad will now be able to study the signatures of all his predecessors on the throne of Spain, for these have been carefully reproduced in *facsimile* by the zealous royal archivists. The list extends from Sancho IV., called "the Brave," right down to the young monarch's father, Alfonso XII. The Kings adopt in the main the signature "Yo, el Rey" (I, the King), and the Queens that of "Yo, la Reyna" (I, the Queen), but a few of them instead append their names, among this division being the great Charles V., whose handwriting is said to be quite illegible.

Mr. Benton, who has been appointed to succeed the late Alfred Broughton as chorus-master for the Leeds Festival, became organist at the Leeds parish church of St. Peter's on the promotion of Dr. Creser to the Chapel Royal. The authorities at St. Peter's, which is situated in Kirkgate, pride themselves much on the beauty of their musical services, and matters in this respect have, if anything, improved since the advent of Mr. Benton.

The large felt hat, kindly, rugged features, and long curls, which turned latterly to white from being iron-grey, of the late George Smith, of Coalville, had been familiar to us for years past, and in him the children of van-dwellers and canal-barge people have lost a zealous, if not always discreet, champion. Mr. Smith was a man of extremely benevolent character, and his name had become a household word in connection with his self-denying labours.



Mr. J. A. Martin, the Ameer's Agent.

THE SHAHZADA AND HIS STAFF ON THE TERRACE AT DORCHESTER HOUSE.

Lieut. Pollen, A.D.C.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.

The Lords' Committee took some engaging evidence from representatives of the Sabbatarian League. One of these worthies thought that cycling to church on Sunday might be justifiable in rare cases, but it would depend on the cyclist's religious frame of mind. Another wise-acre said that, if the Lyceum were open on Sunday, the profit would go into Sir Henry Irving's pocket. What Sir Henry Irving's pocket or the Lyceum had to do with the matter in hand was not stated. Nobody wants Sunday opening of theatres. But a Sabbatarian under cross-examination has less sense than a mollusc.

A good deal of nonsense has been written lately about the influx of foreign players. The fact is that the foreign artists are very welcome to the London managers, for their presence invariably gives a stimulus to playgoing. People are not only curious to see the visitors, but they show a greater eagerness than usual to patronise native talent, so that our own artists are not neglected, but encouraged. As for the suggestion that there is no reciprocity, and that foreign playgoers show no desire to see our actors, this is quite contrary to the facts. Sir Henry Irving, for example, has received pressing invitations to every considerable capital in Europe, from Paris to St. Petersburg, and he has not accepted them, because a Continental tour with a very costly company would be unremunerative. The expenses of the company, including double salaries when abroad, would not be met, even by the utmost success, in towns where playgoers are not prepared to pay London prices. On the other hand, the foreign artists are brought here at a comparatively small cost, and play to prices which are impossible in their own country. These commercial considerations have not occurred to writers who talk about the indifference of the foreigner to English acting, and who do not know that the cost of transporting the Lyceum company to Australia is quite prohibitive of that enterprise.

It has always been Madame Bernhardt's destiny to be associated with wild animals, but there is no truth in the story about the lion at the Indian Exhibition. Madame Bernhardt has not bought the lion, nor does she take any particular interest in lions just now. Though a very energetic woman, she finds her time fully occupied by the management of a theatre, without the domestic cares of a menagerie.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell has bought a new modern play in one act, "Whom the Gods Love," by Alicia Ramsey and Rudolph de Cordova, the authors of "The Egotist," which Mr. Beerbohm Tree has accepted for production at the Haymarket. Mrs. Campbell ought to make a success as Tess of the D'Urbervilles, which rumour says she and Mr. Forbes-Robertson are to produce at the Lyceum in the autumn, for her personality seems to fit the character in many essential respects, and, moreover, the part does not demand a poetic atmosphere, distinction, or style, which three most desirable qualifications Mrs. Campbell has not, in the opinion of many, shown that she possesses. More interesting even than the players will be the shaping of the play. A fine novel does not necessarily mean a fine play, and the novelist is not generally the best adapter of his own work. Charles Reade certainly gave us a good play and a good novel in "Peg Woffington," known on the boards as "Masks and Faces"; but, then, all his novels, with the exception, perhaps, of his greatest, "The Cloister and the Hearth," seem to have been written from the footlight point of view. The leading gentleman and leading lady, the heavy father, the villain, and the low-comedy merchant, all are there, only his flesh-and-blood treatment prevents them in his best work from appearing stagey. Mr. Hardy's novels are not written in the smallest degree in a dramatic form, however dramatic some of their incidents; and I fear that those delightful Wessex countrymen of his will not live on the stage as they live in the pages of his books. Angel Clare and Tess of the Lyceum can hardly fail to be interesting, but I can't fancy they will be the same Angel Clare and Tess whom we have learned to picture in the Wessex of the novelist.

Mr. Fred G. Latham, now the Messrs. Gatti's right-hand man at the Adelphi, has made a very interesting engagement for his tour of "The Fatal Card," for the opening of which, at the Surrey Theatre, on July 15, rehearsals have already started. He has secured Mr. G. W. Anson for the all-important part of Marrable, played at the Adelphi by Mr. Murray Carson. Mr. Anson, a character actor of high ability, has not been very fortunate with his London engagements since his return from the Antipodes, three years back, and I trust he will be able to make a great deal out of his new part. Other members of Mr. Latham's company will be Mr. Ashley Page and his wife, Miss Edith Ostlere, who succeed Mr. Terriss and Miss Millward; Mr. Cyril Melton, who steps into the shoes of Mr. Abingdon; and Mr. Hubert Druce, who takes up the part originally played by Mr. Harry Nicholls. The new Mercedes, I am told, will be Miss Annie Stalmon, whose predecessors in London and New York were Miss Vane and Miss Adrienne Dairrolles respectively.

I note the return to England, after a long absence in America, of Mr. John Amory Sullivan, son of that fine old tragedian, Barry Sullivan, the closing years of whose life were spent at Hove. Mr. Amory Sullivan married a pupil of John Ryder, Miss Adeline Stanhope, whom I remember playing at Scarborough years ago in Mr. Wybert Reeve's company. Miss Stanhope was, for a time, leading lady with her father-in-law.

Señor Sarasate apparently shares the fondness of Sir Henry Irving, Miss Ellen Terry, and other artistic celebrities, for canine pets. Several times during his visit to London this summer I have seen the famous

Spanish violinist taking a stroll in Hyde Park in company with a nice-looking little dog, with pointed nose, and long hair of black-and-white hue.

Careless descendants and emulators of Ananias should be careful to see that their best efforts are not "sicklied o'er with the pale cast" of improbability. I was listening to a really admirable liar or romancer the other evening, and, because people took him seriously, he went right out of his depth. The conversation had turned on duelling, and the man of many tales was improving the shining hour as he went along with a delightful indifference to the fact that other people might possibly wish to speak. He is a little man, but well built, and rather fancies himself as a blend of Adonis, Hercules, and Apollo Belvedere. "Pluck is my motto," he said, after enumerating three or four successful contests. "Show your man that you don't know what fear is, and he'll respect you. I was out in Bombay once, dining with some officers, and there was Major Furioso, of the Thousand and One, there. I sat opposite to him, and over dessert he spoke disparagingly of Old Ireland. I said to him, 'Major, I'm an American, but I've many friends in Ireland, and I won't hear a word said about the country!' 'Oh!' he replied, 'an American, are you? Well, it's a pity that the Pilgrim Fathers weren't hanged instead of being merely transported—' I didn't let him say more, gentleman. I seized a heavy sherry-decanter at my side; I split his head in three places, and he was carried off senseless. The next morning, only a few hours after, *he came round to my hotel*—" Here a burst of uncontrollable laughter from those who had listened to the farrago of nonsense warned Ananias that he had blundered, and the anecdote came to an abrupt conclusion.

A gentleman whom I should hesitate to include in the above category, on my very slight acquaintance with him, recently told me how a shameful conspiracy of circumstance had compelled him to pay a tailor's bill. Now, of all the inhabitants of the earth whom a well-regulated man objects to pay, first and foremost comes the tailor. This gentleman went with a friend to his tailor some years ago—to a well-known West-End firm, where, after the custom of the trade, long credit is given. After attending to his client, Snip turned to the man who told me the story, and begged to be allowed to show him various things, with the result that he persuaded him to order several suits and many sundries peculiar to the genus male. These were sent with his friend's things. About a year later, the wearer of these luxuries forgot himself so far as to pass this tailor's shop, in a fit of abstraction. To his surprise he found it closed. From what he said, the discovery would not appear to have weighed heavily upon his mind; and, some time after, he went to another house noted for its long credit, and gave an extensive order. When he gave his name and address, a peculiarly sweet smile stained the tailor's cheek. "We are very pleased to have your order, Mr. X.," he said, "more especially as, when we bought up the business of Snip and Son a year ago, we found your name on the books, and could not deliver an outstanding account, as we had not your address."

In days of old, when penalties were heavy, smuggling was a business; to-day, when a small risk may cause much excitement, it is a fine art. Few people find themselves possessed with so sensitive a conscience that they should revolt at the idea of getting the better of the Customs, and, as many escape while few are caught, it is only occasionally that the newspapers can record the vengeance of the Law. In spite of the prevalence of smuggling, very many people will doubtless be surprised to learn that articles are manufactured for the express benefit of its votaries. Quite recently, a man living in a seaport town on the Continental coast was coming towards me in a half-gale. Suddenly it caught his hat, which came rapidly in my direction. I managed to stop the runaway, and, finding it rather heavy, looked inside. There I found a small metal bracket stretched from one side to the other, with about six spring-clips at regular intervals. Held safely by one of the clips was a cigar. Mine was a sudden glance—so sudden, in fact, that the owner of the hat was not aware of the scrutiny that had revealed his amiable weakness. He merely thanked me and passed along. By the evening I had forgotten the incident—which, in fact, I had scarcely connected with the noted smuggling propensities of the natives.

Early next morning a large vessel arrived in the dock, and, as I had some friends on board, I went to meet them. On the deck I brushed up against my acquaintance of the previous day, and, on going into the saloon, found him in close confabulation with the steward. Now the man who is intimate with a ship's steward is, *prima facie*, a suspicious character. The deck was, as usual, crowded by Customs House officials, and before anybody was allowed to leave the ship he was very carefully examined. Up came the steward's friend, raised his hat to the officer, was promptly examined, and then went on shore. He came back half-a-dozen times during the morning, always went down to the steward's quarters, and always raised his hat to the officer of the Customs. I felt very anxious to get some fun out of the incident, so I tackled the steward in his den. "I want a good smoke," I said to him. He immediately placed one or two boxes of medium cigars before me. "No," I went on, "these won't do; I want something special, like the ones you keep for the gentleman with the funny hat. The steward seemed uncertain as to whether he should laugh or swear; but he did better than either. He brought out a box of magnificent Havana cigars, which, though obviously recently opened, was but half full. The smoke was quite worth the eighteenpence he demanded. I then tried to draw him out, but he heard an inaudible voice calling him from the other side of the vessel, and left me abruptly.

BULLDOG BEAUTIES.

Photographs by Henry R. Gibbs, Kingsland Road, N.



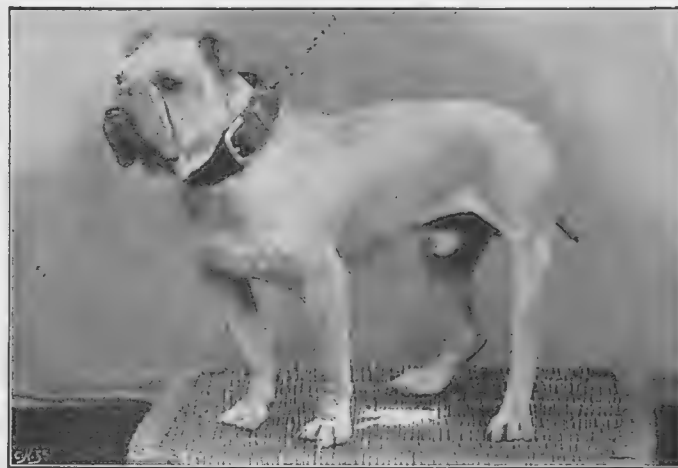
MRS. W. W. CROCKER'S "LADY HAMILTON."



MR. W. H. FORD'S "DON VENN."



MR. J. S. PYBUS-SELLON'S "DIMBOOLA."



MR. J. H. ELLIS'S CHAMPION "GUIDO."



MR. M. ABRAHAMS' "LORD FRANCIS."



MR. W. G. SMARTT'S "SMARTT'S PUNCH."



MR. EDGAR FARMAN'S CHAMPION "CIGARETTE."



MRS. L. FLETCHER'S "REGENT STREET PRINCE."

The enthusiasm evoked by the appearance of Madame Patti at Covent Garden this season was the subject of conversation at a friend's house the other evening—a friend whose operatic experiences extend over a period of nearly fifty years. Among other evenings mentioned when the house brimmed over with applause was the farewell of Mario, which I myself remember as if it were but yesterday, and have alluded to in these columns. Another occasion was the début of Jenny Lind at Covent Garden in 1847, when she appeared in "Robert the Devil." The house was packed in every quarter, and of the huge crowd that had waited for many hours for the unreserved seats only a small proportion obtained admittance, the bulk being compelled to retire disappointed. There was not even standing-room for them in the great house. My friend only secured his place by risking his neck in a climb outside the railings from one flight of the gallery steps to another beyond the barrier. But the most extraordinary demonstration of enthusiasm at the opera which our host could recall was not in favour of any diva or commanding tenor, but of her Majesty. It was, I believe, in 1849. An attack on the Queen had been made during the day by a man who was afterwards sentenced to seven years' penal servitude, and, of course, the audience were full of the incident. The opera had begun when the Queen and Prince Albert entered. On her Majesty coming to the front of the box, the whole house rose at her unanimously with shouts and cheers. The conductor (Sir Michael Costa, I believe) dropped his bâton, the music ceased, and then, after a few moments, the orchestra began the National Anthem, the whole of the company on the stage, and many off it, joining in the familiar words of "God Save the Queen." Her Majesty, radiant with gratification at this spontaneous tribute, stood up and bowed her acknowledgments, over and over again. At length this loyal enthusiasm subsided, and the opera went on.

Madame Patti looked charming in black satin, with a blouse of eau-de-Nil chiffon, at Mrs. Lennox-Browne's "At Home" last week. Unfortunately, she was not so generous with her splendid gifts as the many other singers from the Opera who delighted Mrs. Lennox-Browne's numerous guests. Tamagno's voice more than filled the beautiful rooms of Mansfield Street, and M. Bonnard and M. Bertran sang delightfully. Miss Florence Monteith was in splendid voice, and Miss Janson sang Chaminade's "L'Anneau d'Argent" with much charm. The Misses Eissler represented the instrumental part of the programme.

Well-known artists have to suffer the pangs of unappreciated effort as well as less gifted mortals occasionally, and the latest story hinging on the subject, which was told me by an Associate some days ago, really deserves a corner to itself. It appears that a wealthy Liverpool merchant who had made his money by a lucky stroke, which quickly raised him into affluence, called on the painter in question, and expressed a wish to buy one of his works. "Decidedly!" exclaimed the gratified knight of the brush. "Have you any particular feeling as to the subject—landscape, or a figure subject, or—?" "Look here, Mr. —," was the decisive reply, "the frescoid in my dining-room is cracked in an awkward place, so just show me somethin' about a yard and a half long and a yard wide, and, provided the subject is decently clothed, the rest may go hang!" The Associate heaved a reminiscent sigh. "Of course, you took him by the left leg and threw him down stairs?" I ventured. "Not at all," he replied gently; "the man would have gone somewhere else, you know, so I led the way to the studio instead." Life is short, but Art is long—and broad—after all.

THE ROSE QUEENS, AT WHITELANDS COLLEGE.

What the May-Day festival is to the girl-students of Whitelands College, Chelsea, the Rose Fête, held in the college grounds this day fortnight, is to the children of the practising school, in which the May Queens learn the art of teaching. Browning's hard-worked line about "roses, roses all the way" would be an accurate enough description of the pretty sequel to the May-Day revels, and roses must have been at a premium in Covent Garden on June 19. The Rose Queen, who was elected by ballot on the votes of her schoolmates, was a veritable "Queen-rose of the rosebud garden of girls," and was, appropriately enough,yclept Maud. The coronation ceremony took place on a rose-canopied dais out in the garden, and while the Rose Queen was being arrayed in her royal robes of blush-rose silk, a bevy of her subjects, casting their bouquets of roses at the foot of a flower-crowned May-pole, plaited the ribbons thereof in very skilful fashion. Later, the youngest subjects of all—tiny couples of lads and lasses—revelled round the May-pole. The procession of Queens was a very pretty one, Queen Elsie, who had abdicated in favour of Queen Maud, wearing her dowager's crown of forget-me-nots very gracefully. The new Queen and her predecessors were attended by a guard-of-honour bearing floral sceptres and carrying on green cushions the rose crown, the cross of gold and coral with which Queen Maud was afterwards duly invested, and royal gifts, in the form of volumes of the "Waverley Novels," for distribution by Queen Maud among her subjects. The band of boy musicians from the Duke of York's School enlivened the proceedings with music, and the children and their young teachers seemed thoroughly to enjoy every incident in the pretty festival. The simple, pretty dresses of the children, who belong to a class that usually favours furs and feathers, were a proof that, after all, Ruskin and his May Queen have not lived in vain.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Mr. Edmund Gosse contributes an impression of Robert Louis Stevenson to the *Century Magazine*. The article is written with Mr. Gosse's usual picturesqueness, and is pleasant reading, although it does not add much to our knowledge. Mr. Gosse frankly tells us that the expedition described in "The Amateur Emigrant" and "Across the Plains" was taken in violent opposition to his family. He had formed a conviction that it was his duty to go out to the extreme West of the United States, while his family and the inner circle of his friends were equally certain that it was neither needful nor expedient that he should make this journey. It was hoped that the withdrawal of supplies would make the voyage impossible, but Stevenson scraped together enough to secure him a steerage passage across the Atlantic.

Mr. Gosse says that at Davos, in the winter of 1880, Stevenson took up the study of Hazlitt, having found a publisher who was willing to bring out a critical and biographical memoir. The scheme, according to Mr. Gosse, was eventually dropped, for the reason that, as Stevenson went on investigating Hazlitt's character, he conceived a great distaste to it. The squalid "Liber Amoris" gave the *coup de grâce*. It is difficult to believe that Mr. Stevenson could have gone far in the study of Hazlitt without reading "Liber Amoris," and still more difficult to believe that he could have regarded the book with such virtuous repulsion and distaste—a book which, according to Dickens, is one of Hazlitt's most sincere and eloquent productions. Later on, Mr. Gosse says that John Morley had just refused to give Stevenson a book to write in the "English Men of Letters," on account of his obscurity as an author. But did not Mr. Morley refuse this very book on Hazlitt? Many of us would be sorry to hear that Stevenson disliked Hazlitt. In 1881, the Stevensons moved to a house in Braemar. "Hither," says Mr. Gosse, "I was invited, and here I spent an ever-memorable visit. The house, as Louis was careful to instruct me, was entitled 'The Cottage, late the late Miss McGregor's Castleton of Braemar'; and so I obediently addressed my letters, until Louis remarked that 'the reference to a deceased Highland lady, tending as it does to foster unavailing sorrow, may be with advantage omitted from the address.'" Mr. Gosse sums up by saying that "perhaps the nearest approach to a fault was a certain want of discretion always founded on a wish to make people understand each other, but not exactly according to wisdom." It is pleasant to think that so many literary men are entitled to criticise Stevenson on this score.

The most interesting point to many about the fourth volume of the new issue of Mr. Watts's "Don Quixote" (A. and C. Black) is the chapter in the Appendix on "Don Quixote's Itinerary" and the excellent map tracing the wanderings of the knight. The map and the description of the route are not new ideas. Earlier Spanish editors attempted the same thing, but Mr. Watts has done it with more common sense and with less bewilderment over the difficulties. He does not expect exactitude on such points as miles and hours from Cervantes, and is content to interest new travellers in a fine country, through which, more or less accurately, may be traced the sites associated with the immortal story. The next volume will be Mr. Watts's Life of Cervantes.

And, while telling of "Don Quixote," let me mention the ambitious, and, on the whole, very worthy, attempt of Mr. G. E. Morrison to dramatise, not a few selected scenes of it, but the substance of the whole novel, "especially of those parts which (Cervantes) left unwritten." His "Alonzo Quixano" (Mathews) is not at all like the Lyceum version. Indeed, whatever be its unsuitability for the stage, the attempt is amply justified, for it is what it claims to be—"reverential." His Quixote "is not the Quixote Cervantes started with, but the Quixote he finished with." "Though Cervantes sat down with no thought but that of recording the pranks of an elderly lunatic, he did not rise till he had created the Christ of fiction." Mr. Morrison has done his work in a sympathetic and dignified fashion. The principal modification he has made is the development of the character of the niece, Antonia.

Mr. Arthur L. Humphreys sends out from time to time dainty little reprints of old books. A recent one was, I think, "The Passionate Pilgrim." The latest is a very pretty curiosity, "Cupid's Posies," privately printed at the Chiswick Press. There are only three copies known of seventeenth-century editions of the book, originally published in 1642. "Cupid's Posies" is a lover's guide for the elegant transmission of—

Bracelets, Handkerchers, and Rings,
With Scarves, Gloves, and other things,

to the Beloved. The old title-page announces it was

Written by Cupid, on a day
When Venus gave me leave to play.

The "posies" are not high poetry. Here are two specimens—

The posie of a handkercher sent from a young man to his Love being wrought in blew silk:

This handkercher to you assures
That this and what I have is yours.

For a Ring.

Like to a circle round, no end in love is found.
Take me with it, for both are fit.

The fashions and sentiments of simple-minded lovers do not change much, it would appear. The little book had not been reprinted since 1674.

O. O.

THE ROSE QUEENS, AT WHITELANDS COLLEGE, CHELSEA.

Photographs by Messrs. Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.



THE QUEEN AND THE EX-QUEEN.



THE ROSE QUEEN'S SUBJECTS.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

"INTO THE HIGHWAYS AND HEDGES."*

That so fine a story and so notable an addition to English fiction as this book should have been allowed to struggle into a fifth edition without attracting more general critical notice is a curious commentary on and evidence of the hold which what may be styled Yellow Book literature must have obtained on the imagination of those whose business it is

to act as tasters, and too often as whipping-boys, to the general public.

Of a certain type of book it is becoming the fashion among critics to say that what is best in it vaguely recalls the writing and character studies of George Eliot, and thus, having unconsciously damned with faint praise, to pass on to the other side, where green carnations flower.

"Into the Highways and Hedges" brings into mind, far more, some of the stronger work of another George—George Sand, and, indeed, one is tempted to ask whether "Mauprat," dissimilar though it be, did not all unknowingly suggest to Miss Montrésor the main idea of her story?

The juxtaposition of peasant and *grande dame* remained to the end a favourite theme with Madame Sand. None familiar with the output of the French Romantics can forget her "Compagnon du tour de France," the strange idyllic story of the loves of Pierre Huguenin, the sculptor-workman, and Yseult de Villepreux.

In the first page of her story Miss Montrésor describes her heroine as "one of those people who blunder on a large scale, who put all their eggs into the same basket, and are apt to break their hearts as well as their goods;" and, with this preamble, she proceeds to tell the life-history of Margaret Deane, the beautiful wayward daughter of a Kent squire, who was led, partly by fate, and partly by the folly of those nearest and dearest to her, to marry an itinerant preacher, Barnabas Thorpe, a strange, uncouth worker in the Lord's Vineyard, "who would tramp miles over down, marsh, hill, or dale, to speak a word, whether in or out of season, to some hesitating convert whom he had 'almost persuaded.'"

The way in which the aunt who had brought her up—"a tall, striking woman, very erect of carriage, with a decided manner and a hard voice"—accepted the inevitable; the impression produced by Meg's act on the kindly, weak, selfish father she loved so well; and last, not least, the effect on a man who loved her, a clever, cynical, Jewish barrister, George Sauls, who, to a certain extent, is made to play the part of *deus ex machina*, is told with real power, and a vivid comprehension of the social England of 1840.

Were it for nothing else but the picture of the young Jew who had been "a most objectionable little boy, and who had sown in youth a too liberal supply of wild oats," but who seldom lost his head, whatever happened to his heart, and who, becoming honoured among men, always remained faithfully attached to the clever, coarse old mother who was, to the end, his shrewdest counsellor and wisest friend, "Into the Highways and Hedges" would remain a considerable literary achievement.

But the real interest of the book is concentrated, as it should be, on the relations of the man and the woman so strangely mated one with the other, and from whom love—or, indeed, any touch of human affection—was entirely absent for many a long day after Meg Deane had become Margaret Thorpe in the church of the little fishing-village where the preacher had persuaded her to take the step which irrevocably separated her from her own people. The girl's curious, half-hypnotised state is well rendered, and a vivid picture is drawn of the life she led when, after two months' wandering and preaching, her husband took her to the old house, built on the edge of a broad salt marsh, where had lived generations of Thorpes, and where the household now consisted of the preacher's father; his deformed but withal kindly brother Tom, one of the most likeable characters in the story; and "Cousin Tremnell," one-time lady's-maid, a prim little woman with plaintive face, thin voice, and sharp

curiosity, whose uneasy pretensions to gentility prove a far harder trial to Barnabas's wife than many of the conditions of her new life.

The book, as a whole, would have gained, at least in the general reader's estimation, if Miss Montrésor had allowed somewhat more of her undoubted sense of humour to play a greater part in the many clever character studies with which the book abounds, and which prove in a few words a keen knowledge of human nature; such, for example, as the following description of the Vicar of Lupecombe, in whose house the preacher comes across for the first and last time his wife's father—

The parson was short and spare, a clear-eyed, ruddy-complexioned English gentleman, a bit of a scholar, and a judge of good wine, but neither epicure nor bookworm. A healthy-minded man, with a fund of common-sense, who had never thought too much about things spiritual, but had preached the same set of sermons, year in and year out, and had christened, churched, married, and buried his parishioners very comfortably for the last thirty years.

And yet he so finely rose to the occasion when his parish was stricken by a deadly plague, although he found it difficult to imagine his stolid parishioners translated into a purely spiritual atmosphere; and he shared with Barnabas the quality of never ducking his head under fire, whether visible or invisible.

On her delineation of the preacher the writer has evidently spent much care and thought. She has attempted to evoke one of those souls who count it worth while to lose all else if haply in the losing they get nearer to the light from which they came. Considering the difficulty of the task she set herself, Miss Montrésor has succeeded in a fashion rarely found outside the unconscious self-portrayal of an autobiography. As to how Barnabas Thorpe struck those with whom he came into contact, the parson's estimate of him is excellent—"A bit of a fatalist (though he doesn't know it), a bit of a fanatic, and a bit of a saint, with an inconveniently big heart." Miss Montrésor has steered clear of the pitfalls which too often attend such portraiture.

Many will prefer the last half of "Into the Highways and Hedges" to the first portion of the story, for it is there that, having brought Margaret and her husband into a relation from which there appears to be no possible issue save death—so wide and uncompromising is the divergence between their breeding, education, and even speech—the author cuts the knot by an expedient which, though not unknown in fiction, is made in this case thoroughly convincing, and gives an opportunity, fully availed of by the writer, for a curious reconstitution of the Newgate of fifty years ago. The account of the prison is worked up with extreme care, and a note refers the reader, for the source of certain assertions, to a report issued about the year 1850. The descriptions, whether derived or not from official sources, are so forcibly and dramatically presented as to leave on the mind the impression of a picture painted by an eye-witness. It may be questioned whether a prisoner could within fifteen years of the Queen's accession have been beaten and almost kicked to death without let or hindrance in a London prison; but whatever the year in which Miss Montrésor intended to place the imprisonment of her hero in "the stone jug," there is ample evidence of the general truth of what she describes as having happened within the memory of living men.

It would not be fair to tell, in a short *résumé*, the story of how a false charge of murder was laid against Barnabas, his long imprisonment in Newgate, and the events which led to a change in his wife's feelings. The outcome of the scene in the condemned cell, in which the pair at last understand one another and their own feelings, on what seems to be the eve of their final parting, is finely told. But though Miss Montrésor has reverted to the fashion, now more honoured in the breach than in the observance, of making her story end well, her own words, "The last chapter of a story necessarily inclines one to end one's sentences with a query, seeing that an ending must always mean a fresh beginning—somehow and somewhere," might well be echoed by those who have followed Margaret and Barnabas Thorpe through this well-told chapter of their joint lives.

M. A. U.

THE KAMARBAND.

When summer spreads its blazing heat
Adown the Strand,
You see in every reeking street
The kamarband.
The City man so gravely dressed,
So suave and bland,
Will gladly lay aside his vest
For kamarband.
The clerk will doff his shiny hat,
And, girdle spanned,
Pore o'er his ledger, stale and flat,
In kamarband.
The gorgeous youth who tours the Row
With cane in hand,
Declines for Fashion to forego
The kamarband.
And during summer's roaring reign
Throughout the land,
The weary sons of men retain
The kamarband.

B.

* "Into the Highways and Hedges." By F. F. Montrésor. London: Hutchinson and Co.

THE CRADLE OF THE STAGE.

"That beautiful city which charms even eyes familiar with the masterpieces of Bramante and Palladio," remarked Lord Macaulay when writing of Bath, and to-day the mere mention of the city is sufficient to evoke a world of association and historic reminiscence in the minds of readers

familiar with the works of Pepys, Smollett, Fielding, Fanny Burney, Jane Austen, Dickens, Bulwer Lytton, and Thackeray, who brought his "Virginians" here to share in the season's gaieties.

All the old-world novelists made some of their characters take a trip to "Ye Bath," and the lives and works of most of the great dramatists and tragedians are replete with allusions to scenes and incidents occurring in and around the neighbourhood of the deadly combat between Sir Lucius O'Trigger and the brave Bob Acres. It is more particularly with the associations surrounding the theatre, upon whose stage many of the actors and actresses now occupying foremost positions on the London stage



MISS ELLEN TERRY.

have, at some period in their careers, gained a portion of their early experience, that these brief lines will deal. Dramatic performances are recorded in the municipal papers as early as 1573, where entries occur from that date up to 1612 of payments made to strolling companies, these, it is strongly supposed, on very credible evidence, including Shakspeare's. The first theatre was built in 1705, a second being erected in 1750, this, again, being superseded by the present building in 1805. This building was, unfortunately, partly destroyed in April, 1862, with the contents, which included rare manuscripts, printed plays, and what now would be a priceless wardrobe—including, as it did, robes and costumes worn by Siddons, Garrick, Kean, and other great actors. Very singularly, it was Mr. Charles Kean and his wife who, accidentally passing the theatre, were among the first to discover the fire and give the alarm.

In less than a week steps were taken to rebuild the theatre, a committee being formed, the outcome of whose deliberations was that, in the following August, the plans of Mr. C. J. Phipps were accepted, and the present structure, with its perfect acoustic properties, elegant proportions, and safe exits, stands as a lasting testimony of the architect's skill and ability. In March, 1863, the new building was opened with a grand production of the "Midsummer Night's Dream," with Mr. Chute as lessee, a position he had held before the disaster. Mr. Chute also ruled the destinies of the Bristol Theatre, and his stock company had to work desperately hard. This included the names of many young actors and actresses then on the first, but who are now on the topmost rung of the theatrical ladder. A play-bill here reproduced includes, for example, the names of Miss Ellen Terry, Madge Robertson, and Henrietta Hodson, all three of whom were hard-working girls, playing, perhaps, three nights in Bristol, and remaining nights in Bath, often in a fresh rôle each night, and earning, possibly, a sum exceeding by very little the wage they now pay their cooks. Mr. Chute and his wife, "a daughter of Macready," were of the old school, and the kindness shown by them to the members of the little band has never been forgotten, while the value of the training undergone there is amply evidenced by the remarkable success which has attended most of their careers. Mrs. Kendal once remarked, in the writer's hearing, that, under Providence, she attributed "all her success to the kind and valuable training she had received in her early days from her dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. Chute." Here I must include a funny story which is yet told and remembered in Bristol, to the effect that when Madge was a very little girl her mother, also a member of the Chute Company, struck for an increase in salary on the ground

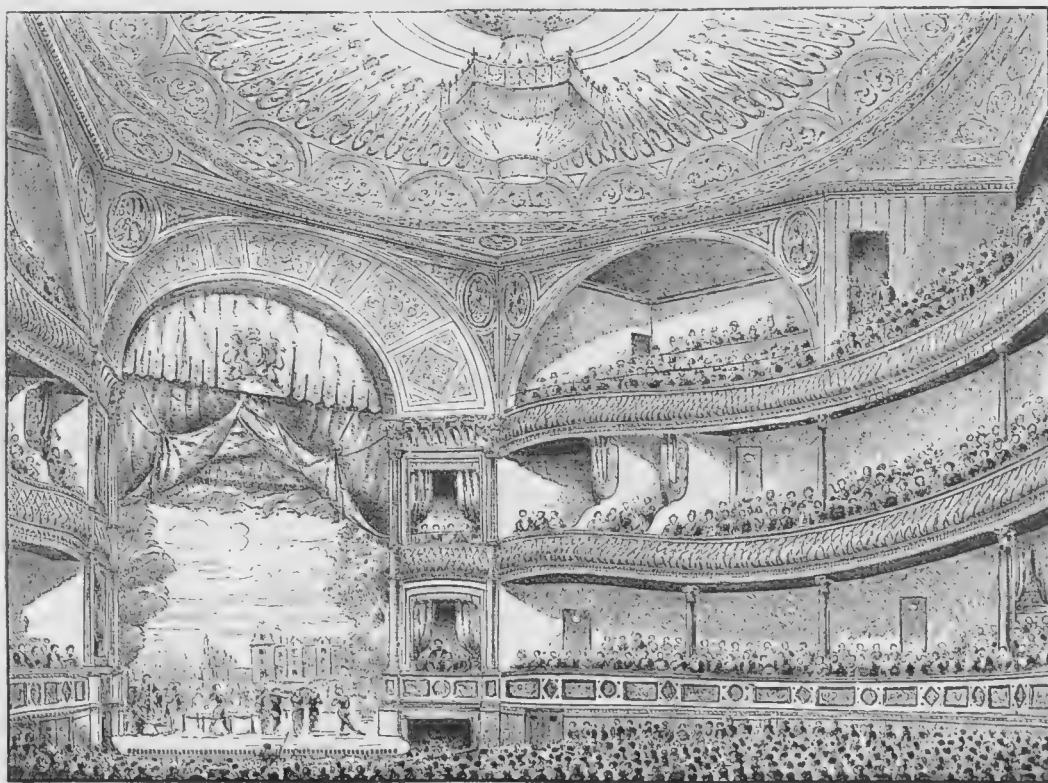
that the forthcoming pantomime would add to the work which then devolved upon her, and in endeavouring to come to a settlement, Mrs. Robertson said, "Well, say five shillings a week extra, and I'll throw Madge in." Fancy throwing Madge in! now, she can make terms for herself. Miss Terry also speaks with affectionate regard of those old days, and, writing on the performance of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," of which the play-bill is here reproduced, says, "I remember very little of the performance, except that I looked anything but a fairy, and acted the part very badly."

Miss Terry and her sister Kate visited Bath again, after leaving the company, and so did Marie Wilton. Sir Henry Irving twice visited what he is pleased to call "the theatre of my native county," in September, 1867, when he played Joseph Surface, Captain Absolute, and Young Marlow, in Miss Herbert's St. James's company; and again in August, 1871, when he played Digby Grand in "The Two Roses." Most provincial successes are launched on their careers here, and, "for the first time out of London," a number of Sullivan and Gilbert's operas were taken through their "preliminary canter" on the Bath stage. "Our Boys," the provincial rights of which brought fortune to Mr. William Duck, a sometime lessee, celebrated its first, one-thousandth, and two-thousandth performances here.

The catalogue of famous men and women who have graced the boards is too long a one for these pages; but among some of the principals may be quoted Kean, Macready, Mathews, Grimaldi, Siddons, Jordan, Quin, Kemble, Garrick, Sheridan, Helen Faucit, Wilson Barrett, Sims Reeves, William Farren, Lady Monckton, Sheila Barry, Lionel Brough, Mrs. Scott Siddons, Kate Vaughan, Kate Santley, Fanny and Carlotta Addison, Ristori, Hermann Vezin, and J. L. Toole, whose visits of late years have not been so much to the local stage as to the baths, which have at times greatly benefited his health.

Some of the actors now delighting London audiences have been seen by the writer in minor parts on the Bath stage, very different from the rôles they now take. Mr. Penley has very kindly fixed the date as November, 1880, when the writer saw him in the part of an irascible old man in the "Voyage en Suisse," with the Hanlon-Lees—one of the funniest things he has ever done. It would be awkward to say how many years ago the writer, then a little girl, was taken by her father to see Lottie Venne, a member of Mr. Duck's stock company, and she still remembers her paternal relative's remark, "What a funny little beggar she is; she will be on the London stage yet." It was on the Bath stage that Sarah Siddons, then earning three pounds a week as salary, was so fortunate as to attract the notice of Sheridan senior, who, being in Bath for the good of his health, was induced to go to the theatre to see a young actress, whom he at once recognised as a young lady who previously had made rather a poor impression upon him in "The Runaway." The result of his visit was that Sarah deserted the Bath stage for the larger one of Drury Lane. Bath, too, was the scene of Macready's first important engagement, and he narrates how that, "upon arriving at Bath by coach and mail, I got a nervous fluttering at the heart by reason of seeing my name in large letters upon the walls, announced to play Romeo." It was during this engagement that Mr. Harris, of Covent Garden, sent down his manager to report upon the young actor's abilities, with the result that an engagement was at once offered him.

So on, throughout the long list of distinguished actors who have graced London boards, have there been many such instances of success resulting from a previous experience gained in Bath; and, under the successful and spirited lesseeship of Mr. William Lewis, the principal



THEATRE ROYAL, BATH.

London successes are without loss of time secured, a notable instance being that in the case of "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," when, within one week of the opening performance at the Garrick, a date was fixed for

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

Politics are certainly much like cricket. Often has the scratchest of scratch elevens or Ministries found means to make a stand and a score, till it seemed as if the bowlers—or the Opposition—were absolutely helpless. Then suddenly some hitherto unknown assailant manages to pitch on the right spot, and in a brace of overs the last man is trailing his bat to the pavilion. Everybody expected the Liberal Government to go before long, but nobody expected it to go in quite the way it did, and with such suddenness of collapse.

First, the bye-elections turned decidedly against the Ministry. Brigg went, and Walworth, and, worst of all, Inverness. Then there was the mysterious business of Mr. Gladstone's pair, which, as an Irish member remarked, had proved a regular apple of discord. The mystery of that pair will, perhaps, never be fully unravelled. It seems that the sudden cancelling of it was not dictated by the aged statesman himself. That only makes the action of the late Government more mysterious. That Mr. Gladstone should have wished to be free during the Welsh Disestablishment debates could surprise no one who knows how very ecclesiastical a bent he has. But he should have been freed either from the start or not at all, for the cancelling of his pair at the precise moment when the party he once led was reeling under a staggering blow looked as if he wanted to deal the last blow at his successor. "Et tu, Brute? Then fall, Caesar!" And Caesar promptly fell.

With a majority liable to fall to seven or eight, the end was obviously near. The Local Veto Bill would have brought almost certain collapse; it was not at all unlikely that the Committee on the Welsh Disestablishment Bill might have caught the Home Secretary napping. But it was not the Chancellor of the Exchequer, nor his adherent, the Home Secretary, that was to be the scapegoat; it was the most popular member of the Ministry, one of the Imperial politicians understood to follow Lord Rosebery. Mr. Campbell-Bannerman maintained the fight, though ammunition was falling short; but when he looked round for his supports, where were they? Little England had strolled out, unpaired, leaving its nominal standard-bearer to fall, while it went home to its tea.

Thus neither Irish, Temperance, nor Welsh enthusiasts can say that their special cause was neglected; no, the fault for which the Government fell is almost a virtue in their sight, for to have too few cartridges is the next best thing to the blissful and virtuous condition of having none at all. In that happy state we shall no longer waste our money on instruments of slaughter; we shall expend it more productively in the payment of indemnities, whose recipients will surely expend some of the cash in buying our goods—and that will be good for trade.

Meanwhile, the General Election swiftly approaching has failed to awaken great enthusiasm on either side so far, possibly because neither party expected or wanted it just now, possibly because men are coming to think less of elections and the Houses of Commons that result from them. We are getting a trifle too familiar with deliberative assemblies. Most of us will soon have been vestrymen of some kind, and familiarity—but I need say no more. He who has sat much in deliberative governing bodies generally learns, first, that almost all their members have the best possible intentions; secondly, that hardly any member has any idea of really doing anything. A popular body in which parties are evenly balanced is an admirable device for preventing good men from doing harm.

On the whole, the political crisis has been eclipsed by the Grace testimonial; elections leave us cold, whereas we all turn to the cricket score to see yet another century, and then write to the *D.T.* and send our shillings. All this is good; it obviously impresses the foreigner. He knows not what to make of us—a thing that has happened before, more to our profit than to his. Still, let him wonder, even as did Xerxes when his scouts reported that they had seen the Spartans at Thermopyke, some running and practising divers games, and some brushing out their back hair. So, too, let the Cossack and the Republican, and the malignant and turbulent Turk, report that, while chaos brooded over our Government, we English were intent solely on a strange game, and on giving shillings to the chief player of that game.

And when the great contribution is over, what joy to calculate the number of the shillings, and to prove that, if piled up, they would reach *n* times as high as the Wobbly Park Tower is intended to be!

MARMITON.

NEW THEATRE-ROYAL, BATH.

Lessee and Manager, JAMES HENRY CHUTE.

The Prices of Admission will be as follow:—Dress Circle, 4s.; Second Price, 2s. 6d. Upper Boxes, 2s.; Second Price, 1s. 6d. Pit, 1s. 6d.; Second Price, 1s.

AMPHITHEATRE (entrance in St. John's Place), ONE SHILLING. Gallery, Sixpence.

BOX-OFFICE.—The Box-office, under the direction of Mr. Clifford, for a few days will be at Mr. H. K. KING'S Photographic Establishment, 12, MILSON STREET, the Proprietor having kindly placed his View Room at the service of the Manager.

Leader of the Band, Mr. T. H. SALMON; Stage Manager, Mr. MARSHALL; Scenic Artist, Mr. GEORGE GORDON.

On THURSDAY, FRIDAY, & SATURDAY,
MARCH 5, 6, and 7, 1895.

WILL BE PRESENTED FREE

Midsummer Night's Dream

As arranged by representation by Mr. CHARLES KEAN and performed 150 Nights at the Royal Palace Theatre, Paris, and at the Theatre de la Renaissance, Lyons.

With entirely New scenery, Costumes, Decorations, Appearances, Mechanical Appliances, and Musical Accompaniment.

The SCENERY by Mr. W. GORDON, Mr. GEORGE GORDON, Mr. GEORGE PHILLIPS, Mr. MORRIS and Associates—The MACHINERY by Mr. HARRIS.

The COSTUMES by Mr. J. J. HARRIS and Associates—The APPOINTMENTS by Mr. F. HARRIS.

The ACTION and DANCES by Mr. POWELL.—The MUSIC arranged by Mr. J. L. HUTTON and Mr. SALMON.

Thou (Prince of Athens) Mr. GEORGE GORDON | Epithet (Prince of Athens) Mr. ROBERTSON
Lovers Mr. WILLIAM HARRIS
Lovers Mr. CHARLES GORDON

Thou (Master of the Forest) Mr. BELVEDUE | Queen (the Queen) Mr. MARSHALL
Song (the Queen) Mr. DOUGLAS GORDON | Queen (the Queen) Mr. MARSHALL

Thou (the Queen) Mr. HARRIS | Queen (the Queen) Mr. MARSHALL
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From Mr. J. P. Newman's Bath Collection.

its representation in due course at Bath by the provincial company, which will soon start on its travels.

To those whose appetite for more may be whetted by these brief notes on a singularly fascinating subject, good advice may be given—to obtain copies of the clever work on the history of the Bath stage by Mr. Belville Penley, published at the *Herald Office*, Bath, the dedication of which interesting volume is accepted by Sir Henry Irving. A. M.

Extensive alterations and additions in train-service are being made by the Great Northern Railway Company, to meet the requirements of tourists travelling to the East Coast watering-places, Scotland, &c. The Tourist Express from King's Cross, at 10.25 a.m., will run to Scarborough and Whitby direct, from July 13 to Sept. 21 inclusive, and an additional express to serve Scarborough, Whitby, Filey, and places between York and Newcastle, will leave King's Cross at 2.30 p.m. from July 1 until Sept. 30. The night service to Scotland will be improved by the addition of the Highland Express, from July 22 to Aug. 9 (Saturdays and Sundays excepted), leaving King's Cross 7.30 p.m., and running in advance of the mail train from Perth to Inverness; while an additional express will leave King's Cross at 10 p.m. (Saturdays and Sundays excepted) until Sept. 30, giving a smart service to Scotland.



THE YOUNG MOTHER.

PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.

SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT'S SEAT, MALWOOD, IN THE NEW FOREST.

When Sir William Harcourt seeks his secluded home at Malwood, it is for retirement and repose. And, to one desirous of being "far from the madding crowd," hardly a better spot could be chosen than the site of the old castle in which, it is said, Rufus breakfasted on the morning when the Red King rode down into the close-adjacent dell, there to meet his death from the arrow of Tyrell.

The house which Sir William has erected for his Forest-home stands upon one of the most elevated spots in the demesne which the Conqueror formed for the purposes of the chase. Though completely environed by trees and tangled wildwood, delightful peeps and vistas are opened out by the cutting away of any obstructing boughs or foliage; and wherever the vision ranges, from Salisbury's wide plain on the north to the waters of the English Channel on the south, the rolling undulations far away in the east to the wild forest-country in the west, scenes the most picturesque break upon the view.

As a relaxation to the affairs of State, and the hurly-burly of political battle, solace can be found in the well-arranged farm of fourteen acres which Sir William holds on lease from the Crown, situate about half a mile from the house, and where, among other animals, may be seen several kangaroos, which cannot fail to suggest to the mind of any Chancellor of the Exchequer the idea of "advancing by leaps and bounds."

In the grounds at Malwood, which are only some three acres in extent, one feature of interest may be noted—to wit, a collection of various kinds of birds, not supposed, according to natural history, to have a kindred affinity to each other. They are all in the same apartment, and it can be said, respecting them, that, if Sir William has not thoroughly succeeded in converting them into a happy family, they will compare, in the way of harmony of feeling, with the various shades and grades of politicians.

The house is furnished in good taste, which one would expect from Lady Harcourt, who shares her distinguished husband's love for this country home, where, "far from the noise and smoke of town," they can hear the nightingale sing its sweet song. Here, freed from official cares, which are ever increasing, and from Society duties, which seem unending, Sir William and Lady Harcourt, with their sons, are able to enjoy the peace which comes from communion with Nature. As will be readily believed by all who know Sir William's reading powers, there is an enormous number of books in the library at Malwood. It used to be said that the right honourable gentleman made a point of perusing every Blue Book that was issued; certain it is that he has an interest in almost all sections of politics, home and foreign. And general literature is also well represented on the book-shelves, for Sir William is not averse to reading a good novel, as a relief to the classical diet of "a Blue Book and a biscuit," which finds favour with him as much as with the late Earl of Derby. The photograph which we reproduce herewith was taken recently; on the terrace will be discerned the tall figure of Sir William.



MALWOOD, NEAR LYNDHURST, IN THE NEW FOREST.

Photo by J. Short, Lyndhurst.

THE MODEL VILLAGE OF CHENIES.

Perched on a ridge of the Chiltern Hills, amid some of the pleasantest scenery of the South Midlands, stands the little village of Chenies, "the prettiest in the county," as its folk love to tell you. This is the "model village" of the Duke of Bedford.

The houses, built of brick, some with cross-bracings of oak, are, for the most part, grouped round a triangular green, whereon stand a number of giant elms, in whose shade used to be the old wooden pump; but



THE GREEN, CHENIES.

Photo by J. Boarder, Uzbridge Road, W.

Chenies moves with the times, and has taken unto itself a waterworks, so that the little tiled pump-house is all that is left of the village gossiping-ground. The dwellings are built in bunches of two or three, with an average of four rooms each, and the rent is very moderate, being only about eightpence a week. Each family has a garden plot, and the privilege of renting a small allotment in an adjoining field.

Behind the church is the cricket-ground, with its tiny pavilion, where in summer evenings the youngsters learn to

Electrify the county with their bat.

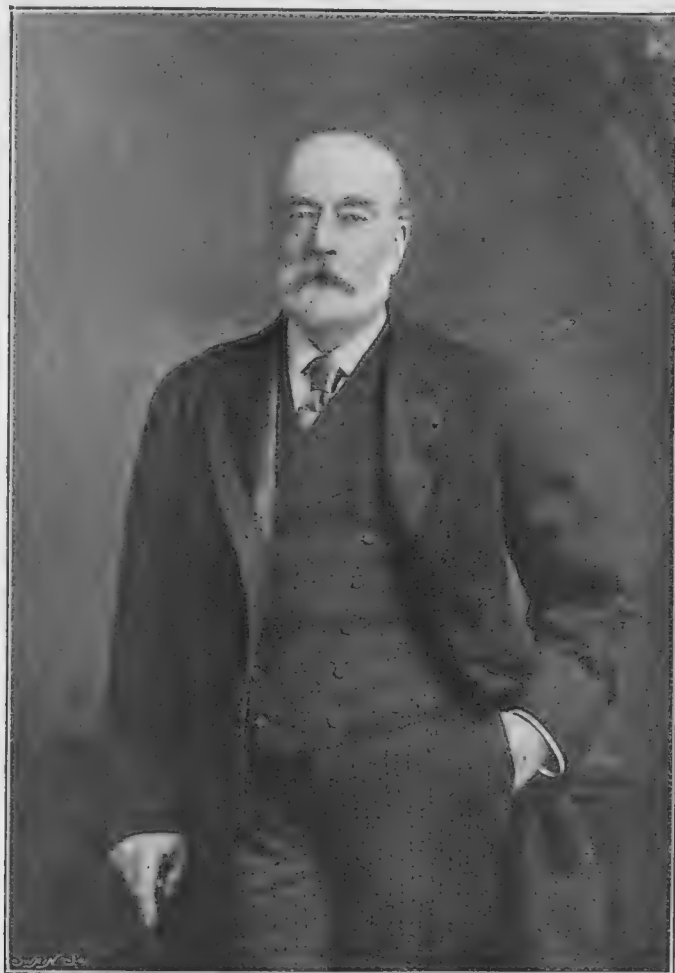
Chenies Church has been beautifully restored by the Bedford family. Within is a fine old cup-shaped Norman font, and in the chancel are two worked corbels, of the same period. The names of the rectors are recorded since 1232. Here is the mausoleum of the Russells, with three gorgeous altar-tombs of alabaster. There are many other tombs, the inscription on the last being, "To John Russell, first Earl Russell, twice Prime Minister of England."

There are some fine brasses in the church, and two well-preserved effigies of a mail-clad warrior and a lady, both Russells. Hard by the church is the beautiful old Tudor Manor House, which was built out of one still older by the first Russell in the days of Henry VIII. Says the chronicler, "The old house of Cheynes is so translated by my Lord Russell, that hath his house in right of his wife, that little or nothing remaineth of it untranslated." There are still some old grey walls, however, ivy-clad, and grim enough in decay. The newer house is all queer gables and points and cornices, its bricks softened by time to a mellow ruddiness, and clipped on all sides with ivy, which forms fantastic frames to its many deeply embayed windows. And there are chimneys! Were there ever so many to one house before? Here they are in rows, in triangles, in bulky squares, clasped, some of them, with rusted iron bands, as though some wind of winter had buffeted them a thought too rudely. And round them all go twisting curious little brick spirals. They rise from broad, swelling buttresses, that protrude in comely roundness to make the old-fashioned cosy ingle-nooks within. Round the house goes a tiny moat, dry and grass-grown now. The rooks are thick in the elms, and above it all the old grey tower of Chenies Church looks down in the sunshine.

SOME LONDON PUBLISHERS.

VIII.—MESSRS. SMITH, ELDER, AND CO.

"A high-class, sleepy old firm," was the description of Smith, Elder, and Co. tendered to Mr. George Smith himself a few years ago by a lady who sat next to him at dinner, and who, doubtless, to this day, is ignorant of her neighbour's intimate connection with the concern in question. To see ourselves as others see us is sometimes as beneficial as it is rarely flattering. "High-class" the firm of Smith, Elder, and Co. certainly is, for its records deal with scarcely any but the distinguished authors of yesterday and to-day; "sleepy" it certainly is not, for it is to its enterprise that we owe the greatest publishing undertaking of modern times—the greatest, perhaps, in the annals of European publishing. The origin of the firm itself dates back to the early years of the present century, when the late Mr. George Smith (father of the present head of the firm) and Mr. Alexander Elder founded and carried on, as well as a publishing business, an agency and export business with India and other parts of the world. After a time they were joined by Mr. Patrick Stewart, who remained with the firm until about 1846, when Mr. George



MR. GEORGE SMITH.

Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

Smith the first died, and, soon after, Mr. Elder retired, leaving the cares and responsibilities to the present Mr. George Smith, then a young man of twenty-two years of age.

Mr. George Smith the second proved not only equal to the occasion, but extended the business in all directions, and to all parts of the known world. He had a staff of some two hundred clerks in London, established a firm at Bombay, a banking business in Pall Mall, started the *Oerland Mail* and *Homeward Mail*, both of which are still flourishing concerns, the one taking news out to India and the other bringing news back. For seven years he carried on an enormous business, and at the end of that period Mr. H. S. King joined him. In twenty-two years—that is to say, from 1846 to 1868—Mr. George Smith is understood to have amassed a considerable fortune, and having borne the heat and worry of two or three careers compressed into one, he retired from the concern, taking with him the publishing business only, and leaving all the other departments in the hands of his junior partner, Mr. King.

Although the modern history of Smith, Elder, and Co. dates from 1868, some of the firm's most important ventures were made long before that date. The *Cornhill Magazine*, for example, was started in 1860, with Thackeray as its first editor. The appearance of the *Cornhill* is quite one of the sensations in the history of publishing ventures, and over 110,000 copies of the first number were sold. Thackeray was then at the height of his great fame, and this in itself was a splendid advertisement; but the *Cornhill* did not depend upon this alone. As things went then it was the best shilling's-worth in the market. Contributions were handsomely paid for, often, indeed, at a rate to make one's mouth water. Nearly all the chief contributors, Thackeray, Trollope, and others, began

to build—not castles in the air—but real, tangible structures in brick and mortar. It will be of interest to mention that during the first twenty years of its existence, £85,000 was the amount paid for the editorship and literature of the *Cornhill*. Apart from this, £5000 is said to have been spent on advertising the new periodical.

Mr. George Smith's next venture was a far more serious matter. A monthly periodical is mere child's play by the side of a daily journal. The public was waiting and ready for the *Cornhill*, but it took many years and much educating before the *Pall Mall Gazette* had created its own public, so to speak. The early struggles of the *Pall Mall* are too well known to be enlarged upon here. But Mr. George Smith has furnished me with a few facts which will be new to most people. During the second month of its existence the sales of the *Pall Mall* averaged 660 copies per day, while the advertisements reached the magnificent total of £3 4s. 10d.

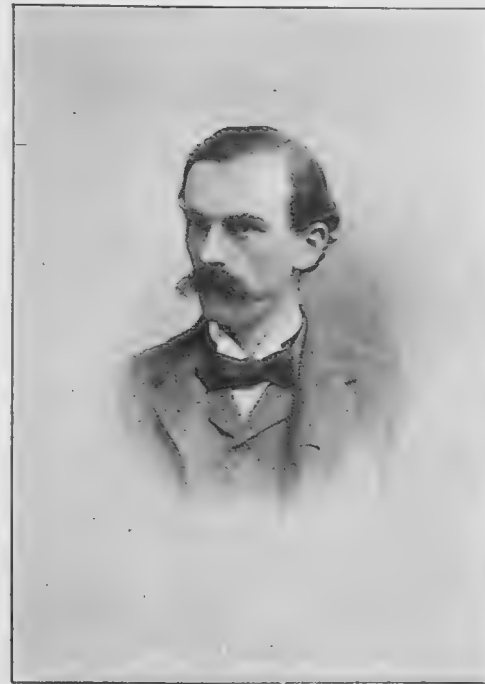
per day! In a year the daily sales had gone up to an average of 5400, the advertisements being about £45 per day. It is no secret that the journal was carried on for some years at a heavy loss: what that amount is Mr. George Smith alone can tell. The fact is, the paper was before its time, and it was far too good for the money. It was a kind of daily edition of the *Saturday Review*, and, doubtless, the public felt that it could no more live up to the *Pall Mall* every afternoon any more than it could exist on turtle-soup. Another hitherto unpublished fact may be here revealed: the amount paid for the editorship and literature of the *Pall Mall* during the sixteen years it was Mr. George Smith's property was close on £158,000, irrespective of news and telegrams, &c. As an illustration of the excitement which a daily journal brings with its possession, it may be mentioned that Mr. Smith was defendant in about a dozen actions for libel, and that he was triumphant in every one of them.

The third great project of the founder of the *Cornhill* and the *Pall Mall Gazette* is a very worthy climax; the "Dictionary of National Biography" is too well known to need any commendation here. As an undertaking, it forms not only an imperishable monument to the memory of great Englishmen, but a lasting tribute to the public spirit and enterprise of one man.

Up to the present, the outlay on this undertaking is not far short of £100,000. "Who," asked the Public Orator at Oxford, when the degree of an honorary M.A. of that University was conferred on Mr. Smith, "who can refuse the due meed of praise to the noble design of a man who, after fifty years spent in publishing the works of some of our best authors, has devoted his well-earned wealth and his ripe experience to this enterprise as the crown of his successful labours?"

Mr. George Smith's long career as a publisher has brought him into more than mere business contact with some of the greatest authors of the last half-century: Thackeray, Browning, Charlotte Brontë, Matthew

Arnold, Anthony Trollope, Mrs. Gaskell, Leigh Hunt, George Eliot, to mention only those who have passed away, were all his intimate personal friends. Mr. Smith's beautiful house in Park Lane is full of mementoes of these and other distinguished authors. The entire manuscript of



MR. ALEXANDER MURRAY SMITH.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.



MR. REGINALD JOHN SMITH.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

Browning's "Ring and the Book" was presented by the author to his friend Mrs. George Smith. There is also the complete manuscript of "Jane Eyre," which Mr. Smith brought home with him one Saturday night, and was so fascinated with the story that he was unable to drop it until he had got to the end.

The firm was entrusted with the publication of the Queen's two books, "Leaves from the Journal of Our Life in the Highlands," and

hardly be expressed by any other term. With such an experience as he has had, it almost goes without saying that Mr. Smith is an exceedingly entertaining raconteur of literary and other anecdotes; it is little short of a public calamity that he is afflicted with the very prevalent bibliopolic dislike to reminiscence writing. It ought to be as impossible for a publisher who has not written his memoirs to enter into the Kingdom of Heaven as it is for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle. Perhaps Mr. George Smith will take this reproach to heart, and write his "Life and Times."

Mr. George Smith, until lately, has had no partner in Waterloo Place. He has recently taken into partnership his younger son, Mr. Alexander Murray Smith, and his son-in-law, Mr. Reginald John Smith, who, after a not unsuccessful career at the Bar, has deserted Law for Literature, the latter having already occupied any leisure hours at his command. There can be no doubt as to the traditions of the firm for liberality and enterprise being maintained. With

the long experience of Mr. George Smith (who is, we believe, the doyen of London publishers) and the energy of his junior partners, it may be regarded as certain that the business will continue to flourish. Indeed, there are already indications of some new and interesting enterprises being undertaken.

W. R.

1. The Ring and the Book.

Do you see this Ring?

'Tis Rome-work, made to match.

(By Castellani's imitation craft)

Thurston's wirelets found, some happy more,

After a dropping April's found alive

Spark-like mid'neath slope-side fig-tree-crooks

That roof slid down at Chiuri's soft, you see;

Yet crisp as jewel-cutting. There's one trick,

(Craftsmen instruct me) one approved device

And but one, file such shivers of pure gold

As this was—such mere ooziings from the mine,

Virgin as oval tawny pentest tear

At beehive-edges when ripened combs air-flow,

To bear the file's tooth and the hammer's dip;

Since hammer needs must widen out the round,

And file emboss it fine with lily flowers,

Over the stuff grow a ring-kong right to wear.

That trick is, the artificer melts up wax

With honey, so to speak; he mingles gold

With gold's alloy, and, duly tempering both,

Effects a manageable mass, then works

But his work ended, once the thing a ring,

Oh, there's re-pretreatment: just a spirit

Of the proper fiery acid on its face,

And forth the alloy unfastened flies in fumes;

While, self-sufficient now, the shape remains,

The rounder braver, the liked lovelier.

THE MANUSCRIPT OF "THE RING AND THE BOOK."

Wednesday.

My dear Smith.

I am getting on so as to satisfy even MOI.

I have a great mind to pack up some more MS. & say

what will she say to this?

How would the lectures do with no end of illustrations? O

I was drawing these, and that made me write to you.

*Yours
What?*

A LETTER FROM THACKERAY.

"More Leaves from the Journal of a Life in the Highlands," each of which has had an enormous sale. In each case the MS. has gone back to the distinguished authoress. The many dodges to obtain duplicates of the proofs, when the books were being privately printed, would make a very entertaining article.

Mr. Smith has been described as "the Prince of Publishers"—I think it was by Charles Reade—and his liberality towards authors can



CAPTAIN STEELE



SKETCHES BY THACKERAY.

Shirley

Vol. I.

Chap. I.

Levitical.

Of late years an abundant shower of curates has fallen upon the North of England; they lie very thick on the hills; every parish has one or more of them; they are young enough to be very active and ought to be doing a great deal of good. But not of late years are we about to speak; we are going back to the beginning of this century; late years—present years are dusty, sunburnt, hot, and; we will evade the noon, forget it in vista, just the midday in chamber and dream of dawn.

If you think, from this prelude, that anything like a romance is preparing for you—reader—you never were more mistaken. Do you anticipate sentiment and poetry and music? Do you expect passion and stimulus and melodrama? It is

THE MANUSCRIPT OF "SHIRLEY."

THE ART OF THE DAY.

The death of Mr. Henry Moore, R.A., is one which everybody with a concern for English art will very deeply regret. He was among the very few English painters of whom our country did well to be reasonably



THE PRINCESS AND THE NETTLES.—MISS MYRA LUXMORE.

"With a trembling heart she crept into the churchyard, gathered the burning nettles, and carried them home."—HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

Exhibited in the Royal Academy.

proud. It is true that he somewhat inclined, during the last few years of his life, to make his art a habit. Those beautiful blue seas which so astonished and satisfied when first they sprang upon us, had become a trifle monotonous. Having discovered their secret, Mr. Moore, it seemed, never wished to attempt more. Year after year the galleries welcomed the same blue sea.

Yet what a sea it was! A superb style, a fine sense of colour, a sentiment for fine brush-work very rarely found in an Englishman, and, above all, a most sensitive feeling for the rhythms of the sea and its waves—it perhaps seems a little sad that all these qualities should have gone to the making of but one fine picture: one fine picture repeated many times, it is true, but still, for practical purposes of criticism, only one. He was among the very few English painters whose work was appreciated out of his own country. France honoured him with a particular and special reverence. His artistic career was, in fine, noble and of good report.

The deaths of Mr. Hodgson and Mr. Moore create two vacancies in the ranks of the sacred circle of Academicians. Naturally, there is never any great excitement over an election to that circle, which is rather in the nature of a promotion than of a new recognition of young talent. We learn that it is probable that the election will not take place before the beginning of next year, a delay which will practically destroy the customary rule of etiquette, which ordains that vacancies in the Academy should be filled by artists who have been painting "on similar lines."

The *St. James's Gazette* also notices that, by the death of Mr. Hodgson, two vacancies occur in posts that are in the gift of the Council of the Royal Academy—those of Professorship of Painting and Librarian. To fulfil the functions of the first post a successor will be very easy to find; but it appears that Mr. Hodgson had very high qualifications indeed for his position as librarian. "When he first appeared in the rôle of an author," says the contributor to the above paper, "his ease and grace of style called for the comment, from one well qualified to give it, that he had, perhaps, mistaken his vocation. The artist had a genuine love for the library under his care, and his courtesy to those who had the privilege of using that library was well known and appreciated.

The Doetsch sale—which was, apparently, a source of considerable disappointment to foreign dealers—did not, indeed, fetch any very remarkable prices. A Holbein, for example, the "Portrait of Henry VIII.," a bust, in a state robe and a black cap with feathers and jewels, brought no more than 165 guineas, and Rembrandt's "Portrait of Nicholas Berghem" actually sold for 70 guineas! An extremely fine Franz Hals, a "Portrait of a Gentleman," went for 640 guineas, and the "Portrait of a Lady," a bust, in black dress, partly covered by a large white collar trimmed with lace, by the same artist, sold for 200 guineas.

These, indeed, were very nearly record prices. A Rembrandt having gone for 70 guineas, it was something of an irony that the "Portrait of a Lady," "of the school of Rembrandt," should have sold for so comparatively magnificent a sum as 305 guineas. A Hobbema fell into the hands of a buyer for the sum of 115 guineas, another for 155 guineas; and, in a word, these were apparently the largest sums paid during the whole of two days' sale, a period during which the amount of money taken did not much exceed £7000.

There is quite an exciting little quarrel—let us call it a parochial quarrel—occurring just now at Kensington. On the western doorway of St. Mary Abbott's there stands a niche which has appropriately been filled by a statue of Christ; for some time, however, a similar niche on the south side has remained unoccupied, and the excellent authorities upon whom the duty of filling it devolved thought that, under the circumstances, a statue of the patron of the church, the Virgin Mary, would be the most appropriate. Hence—no further explanation is necessary—the storm and fury. How it will end no man can tell; but we trust that the statue will not be displaced.



DISAPPOINTED.—THE LATE CHARLES JONES, R.C.A.

Exhibited at Messrs. Graves' Galleries, Pall Mall, S.W.

The general impression left by the exhibition of studies and sketches by members of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours is, inevitably, one of some scrappiness. You often feel, perhaps irresistibly, that you are being introduced to the preparations of work which, in its completed state, is not of the first value. Of course, there are occasions when such preparation is even more interesting than the finished work. Great artists usually prepare greatly. The sketches of Raffaele, for example, are quite frequently even more interesting and more splendid than the great pictures of which they are the initiative. Still, we do not expect the Royal Institute to harbour a Raffaele who lived once and—for ever. Therefore we must come to particulars.

The arrangement of the sketches is a little confusing. There are, as it were, blocks of work collected together and honoured by the same signature, while in other parts of the galleries you also come across scattered drawings signed by the same name. To begin with the beginning of the catalogue, therefore, Mr. Harry Hine, R.I., has a clean and gay little drawing, "Vinegar Yard, Norwich." There is, perhaps, not very much atmosphere about it, but it is clean and attractive. Miss Mary L. Gow, R.I., shows a "Portrait Sketch of Mrs. A—S—," a brilliant little work which would be much more effective if it did not show a somewhat obvious effort, by reason of its crude colour, to be more effective than it is.



EARL OF ROSEBERY, K.G. (FROM LIFE).—SYDNEY P. HALL.
Exhibited in the New Gallery.

Mr. Percy Macquoid, R.I., is scarcely as successful as we could have reasonably expected. His "The Fate of Science in the XVIth Century," for example, is pretentious enough, but the somewhat ponderous story is not sufficiently humorous to deserve the pains spent upon it, and there is no earthly reason for the careful selection of the sixteenth century. Mr. H. Caffieri, R.I., is far more successful, if the colour is somewhat overdone, in his "More Haste, Less Speed," which, at all events, is distinguished by a sound and serious style. We regret that that excellent artist, Mr. J. Aumonier, R.I., should be so unsuccessful in the nine drawings which he submits; they are washy and uninteresting.

We must dismiss the rest as briefly as possible. Mr. T. Macquoid's "Cherubs' Heads—San Bernardino, Perugia," is a delightful composition; Miss Youngman's "Dandelions" have the attractive quality in all flower-painting of softness; Mr. St. George Hare is really excellent in his "A Waif"; the modelling is strong, and the treatment of the hair is full of fine artistic quality. Mr. Weedon, R.I., in his "Cumulus Clouds—South Coast," reminds one far too forcibly of poor Henry Moore; Mr. E. J. Gregory, R.I., A.R.A., is quite brilliant in the little portrait of a girl among straight, yellow corn, "Maudie"; Mr. Cotman's "Ely" is extremely pretty; Mr. Walter Langley's "Study of a Head" and "Study of Interior" are among the best work of the show; and Mr. Edwin Hayes has some effective moments, particularly in "Lifeboat Service."



THE MILL DYKE, HORSTEAD, NORFOLK.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CHARLES GEARD.

"THE PRUDE'S PROGRESS," AT THE COMEDY THEATRE.

Photographs by Messrs. Hills and Saunders, Sloane Street, S.W.



BEN DIXON (MR. CYRIL MAUDE).



NELLY MORRIS (MISS LENA ASHWELL).



JACK MEDBURY (MR. W. T. LOVELL), AND
NELLY MORRIS.



ADAM CHERRY (MR. EDWARD RIGHTON), AND THEODORE
TRAVERS (MR. ARTHUR PLAYFAIR).

"THE PRUDE'S PROGRESS," AT THE COMEDY THEATRE.

Photograph by Messrs. Hills and Saunders, Sloane Street, S.W.



MISS LENA ASHWELL AS NELLY MORRIS.

"THE PRUDE'S PROGRESS," AT THE COMEDY THEATRE.

Photograph by Messrs. Hills and Saunders, Sloane Street, S.W.



MISS FANNY BROUGH AS MRS. BEN DIXON.

"THE PRUDE'S PROGRESS," AT THE COMEDY THEATRE.

Photographs by Messrs. Hills and Saunders, Sloane Street, S.W.



THEODORE TRAVERS AND PRIMROSE DEANE (MISS ETTIE WILLIAMS).



ADAM CHERRY AND PRIMROSE DEANE.



BEN DIXON AND ADAM CHERRY.



ADAM CHERRY AND MRS. BEN DIXON.

IN AN EGYPTIAN HAREEM.

When I went out to Egypt, a little more than eighteen months ago, it was with the determination to try and understand the hareem lady. This I thought possible by making "calls" on certain Pashas' wives whom I knew in and around Cairo; but I soon discovered, if I really



A WOMAN'S OUTDOOR COSTUME.

was to know and understand the hareem woman as she veritably is, I must live with her as she herself lived in the hareem. Having come to this conclusion, I discussed the ways and means with a Turkish Pasha of my acquaintance, who got me the necessary introduction, and, in less than a month, I obtained the post of governess to four little children in the hareem of one of the best-natured Egyptians in the interior of Egypt.

The word "hareem," which has, to English ears, such an ominous sound, simply means in Arabic "females," or "women." I believe the original meaning was "forbidden." For an Eastern to speak of women, as women, is considered highly improper. He must call them *harëema*. The

hareem of a man is, therefore, the apartments set apart for the sole use of the women and their children. These are usually the whole of the first floor of the palace. No man may enter but the husband, and sometimes certain of the male relatives; but I have known a case where the head of the hareem would admit none of his male relatives into his hareem. The hareem usually consists of the wives, to the number of four; female slaves (these I speak of were black), and female free women, who were natives of Lower Egypt. The slaves are the husband's property, and he may use them as concubines, or not, as he desires.

It is considered indelicate for a lady to allow anyone but her husband to see her hair, and unclean for any to grow upon her face or body. Indoors, therefore, if she respect herself, she wears a head-dress which hides the hair, and is by no means unbecoming. When out in the carriage, she, of course, allows only the eyes to be seen.

The hareem lady is bound to be, from her bringing up, of a low type. Her only education is the idea to be the plaything of some rich man—that rich man, of course, being her legal husband. From babyhood she is taught certain exercises of her body, which, to any pure-minded European, are disgusting. She has no life outside her bath, her body, the visits of her husband, and, in a very mild way, her children. For recreation, a eunuch will take her for a drive, to call on another hareem in the hareem closed carriage, and, for amusement, a dancing-girl will be brought into the hareem, or, if the house is in mourning, a sheikh will chant the Koran in the men's quarters, when the women gather on the hareem terrace to listen. The room in which the dancing took place was a large entrance-room in the hareem, about seventy feet by sixty. Off this room were all the bedrooms. Each bedroom opened into this room, and there was no communication to the bedrooms except through this room. It was furnished in the usual Oriental style—heavy silk carpets and curtains, divans all round the walls, and floor-



ONE OF MY PUPILS.

cushions on the floors, and a marble table in the centre. The *Ghawazee*, or dancing-girls, would be sent for, and, with much clatter of shoes, would waddle into this room, removing their outdoor clothing. Coffee, cigarettes, and cognac would be handed them—the latter, as they say, to remove the veil of modesty from before their eyes! We would all then recline on the divans, with cigarettes and coffee to hand, and the slaves would fan us. An ex-dancing-woman, who had grown too old to dance, would begin to beat the *darabukeh*, or drum, another would produce a most monotonous discord, in excellent time, on the *kemengeh*, a stringed instrument, while a third would blow through a sort of flute. The great point to each of them, so it seemed to me, was the time, which the performer on the *darabukeh* seemed to have at her own disposal. When they had fairly warmed to their work, a *Ghawazee* would get up, and, with a cigarette in her mouth, begin to dance. What this dance is like it would be difficult for me to describe. A series of wriggles of the body to the time of the music, which begins slowly, gradually getting faster and faster, till one is fairly dazed, when the dancer suddenly throws herself on her back on a floor-cushion, all the while wriggling to the music, which gets slower and slower till it stops. The dance usually lasts about half an hour, but I have seen one *Ghawazee* who kept it up for an hour and a half, only stopping to wipe the perspiration from her face. One of these exhibitions is quite enough to disgust any European woman; no matter how broad-minded, but, whenever the dancing-girls come to the hareem, it is one of the duties of the governess to be present with her pupils, that the little girls may learn to imitate the movements.

Should one of the ladies be indisposed, she remains in her room. A slave places her *ship-ship* (the satin slippers worn in the house) outside her door. Then we would all go into her room, sit upon divans or floor-cushions, drink the tiny cups of black coffee, and smoke unlimited cigarettes, and discuss the good qualities of the patient

in low tones. If she were suffering pain, one of the ladies would say, "God, who sent it you, help you to bear it!" when we would all respond, "By the Prophet, your talk is good." Then another silence would be broken by someone remarking, "Suffering was made by God, all praise to his name! but it was meant for giants. But God also made death. Death is the finer work of the two." This latter saying was a very common one, and my pupils often made use of it to me if I had a toothache or headache. It was always quoted as though it were quite original. The calm way they would leave the sick-room, after assuring the occupant that "if she died the world would be a perfect blank to them," and then stolidly walk into the next room and abuse her roundly, and with a fierceness which was horrible, rather astonished me, and showed me how little real sympathy they had one with another. Their jealousy of one another was fiendish in its intensity, and I sympathised with the Pasha when he said to me how happy Englishmen must be with no *wives* to quarrel over them!

The great saving-clause to the life in the hareem for an European is the children. They are the most perfectly charming and straightforward little beings imaginable. How can I tell you of all their little tenderesses and politenesses? There was no acting or coquetry with them—they simply did not understand it. From the youngest to the eldest, too, their sense of logic was acute. Request one of these little darlings to do anything out of the ordinary routine, and he will at once ask the logic for it. If you can give him a logical reason, you may rest assured that that particular request will be obeyed always without further comment.

What strikes me is, what could we not make of these little men and women if we had them from babyhood? How can we expect great things of a nation of men who are brought up and pass the most impressionable time of their lives with these hareem women and their interests? It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle. Let me finish by telling you a little incident of hareem child-life which happened to me.

I was seated in my room one evening, weeping, when one of my pupils, a lad of about nine years, came in, and, looking at me intently, said, "Why weepest thou?"

I replied, "For no reason."

He continued to look at me for a second or two in a puzzled manner, and then a look of comprehension came into his wonderful black eyes, and, mounting on a chair, he began carefully to remove the portraits of a dead relative of mine, placing them out of sight in my writing-desk. When he had finished, he came to me, and, embracing me warmly, said "Madame, come into my room and see me dance."

E. H. A.



A WOMAN'S INDOOR COSTUME.

A DAY ON A RACECOURSE.

Photographs by Gerald Grey, Clifton.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



KEEPING HIS WEATHER EYE OPEN.

Ko- -Woon

In the land of Japan which is over the seas
Where people build churches as high as the trees.
There once lived a maiden, they called her Ko-Woon,
Who wished she had wings and could fly to the Moon.

She had beautiful dresses embroidered in blues
Long hairpins of silver and little red shoes
But she wasn't contented, this silly Ko-Woon,
Because she'd no wings to fly to the Moon.

When the storks went speeding their way to the sea,
She would say to herself "O! how happy I'd be"
"I'd leave my dear dollies my fans and my swings
To fly to the Moon if I only had wings!"

She had fans and umbrellas and all sorts of toys
And numberless dollies, the half of them boys,
Yet she'd stop in her play to look up at the sky
And sadly remark "If I'd wings I would fly!"





"But why have you thrown George over?"

"Oh, I hate him! The other evening he asked me if he might give me a kiss, and because I said 'No,' he didn't."

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

MARRIAGE FOR LOVE.

BY J. B. HARRIS BURLAND.

"My dear Lord Bloxam, who was that very charming man I passed in the hall just now? Clean-shaven, well-cut face, dark hair, dark eyes—and such eyes!—perfectly dressed. I thought at first he was one of your guests whom I had not seen, but he was far too polite for any well-bred young man of to-day. Nowadays the essence of good-breeding is to be gracefully rude. But he did not even stare at me, or pretend he had met me before. He lowered his eyes and bowed. He is quite interesting."

"A courtesy, Miss Edwards, that was not a compliment. All laws ought to be broken for a beautiful woman, even the laws of etiquette. She expects it as an evidence of her power. The man who has so disappointed you is probably Williams, my new valet and latest art treasure."

"Disappointed me?" she queried.

"Has he not?" My dear Miss Edwards, do you think I did not detect the tinge of disappointment in your tones of admiration. Besides, you are interested in him, and no man interests a woman until he has piqued her. Will you allow me to smoke?"

She nodded her head in reply, and Lord Bloxam leant back in the large silk cushions of his chair, took out a cigarette, lit it, and watched the smoke curling up through the leaves of the chestnut tree over their heads. Once he turned his head and gave a glance of admiration at the lovely woman by his side. He was going to marry her, and was almost pleased at the prospect. He had not, indeed, yet asked Gladys Edwards to be his wife. But that was merely an awkward ceremony that would bore both of them, and was to be deferred as long as possible. He knew her one business in life was to be Lady Bloxam, and he did not take any further trouble in the matter. He was quite willing to acquiesce in her arrangements. He did not love her—he only tolerated her. But then, as he said, he loved nobody but himself, and tolerated few. Love is the occupation of the poor, or the toy to keep fools quiet: other men have too much else to amuse them. He was going to marry her because she was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. He was a collector of beautiful things. What was the use of money, he used to say, if one could not buy beautiful things? And no gem in his cabinet or picture in his gallery was lovelier than this woman's face. And this afternoon, as he critically looked at her, he did not repent of the purchase he was about to make. It would prove an expensive one, but it was worth having, and you could not get things worth having for nothing.

She turned her golden head on the dark-green cushions of her chair, and looked languidly at him. She had not spoken for some time.

"Is your valet a gentleman?" she asked abruptly.

"He is more: he is the creator of gentlemen—a perfect artist in clothes. If I wear what he suggests to me, I can never commit a sartorial crime. He is an eighth wonder of the world. He came to me from Lord Crowfoot, because he wanted a better subject for his talent. But you almost make me jealous."

"Make you jealous, Lord Bloxam? No woman could make you jealous, unless she fell in love with you, and so became your rival."

"My rival?"

"Yes, for you both would be in love with the same man. But here comes Lady Brazon, looking the picture of youth."

"As indeed she is, for pictures are painted. I hope she has not brought us a scandal. It is too warm; and if she has, she will contrive to take one away with her. She gives nothing without a price. She will tell you all about your neighbours, and so it is only fair that she should tell your neighbours all about you. Well, Lady Brazon," he said, rising, and offering a chair to the new-comer, "you have braved the heat, after all?"

"Indeed, dear Lord Bloxam," she replied, "it can never be too hot for me. I am so fond of ices. But what have you and dear Gladys been talking of all this time?"

He shrugged his shoulders and smiled.

"My valet, and—nothing."

"Your valet! How charming!" she cried. "Is he not a delightful man? And nothing? Still more charming. It is too hot to talk except with the eyes. And silence is so sweet and so full of meaning, is it not? What a gift it is to be able to say nothing, and do it so prettily! But have you heard all about poor Miss Delisle? Oh, so sad! and she was so very lovely."

Here a footman brought a rather bulky letter on a silver-and-ivory salver and handed it to Lord Bloxam. He took it and glanced at the handwriting. It was marked "Immediate," and bore several American stamps. For a moment he grew pale, and his lips trembled with excitement. But, almost as quickly, he recovered his composure, and said calmly, "Will you excuse me a few minutes? I fear I must read and answer this before the post goes out. The letter is the tyrant of civilisation."

He raised his hat and strolled quietly away across the lawn, lighting another cigarette.

"Poor, dear Lord Bloxam!" murmured Lady Brazon; "whatever makes him so particular? I thought he never answered letters, and only opened those written on scented or coloured paper. I am so glad you are reforming him, my dear. So very necessary before he settles down

to be a churchwarden, and all that. And he is such a good man; he moralises beautifully—though it is sometimes the wrong way round."

"Immoralises, I should call it, Lady Brazon."

"But he never says anything wrong, my dear."

"He always says it very delightfully. And, in a perfect world, nothing that is delightful ought to be wrong. That is but justice."

"In this imperfect world, nothing that is wrong ought to be delightful. That is morality. But we are all sinners, so it is well to sin artistically. I fear there are no good people in the world."

"Oh, yes, Lady Brazon, there are some; for some are timid, and some are tired, and some are never found out."

"I wish there were some that were never found in. But, talking of sinners, I was going to tell you of poor Miss Delisle"—and she chattered on as quickly as her imagination would allow her.

But Gladys Edwards was not listening. She was thinking of the look that crossed Lord Bloxam's face when he saw that letter. She was a woman, and curious; she was a beautiful woman, with an object in life, and she was unscrupulous; she was a woman with a past, and suspicious. The letter that moved a man almost incapable of emotion must be of the gravest importance. All is fair in love and war; the ideal courtship is both love and war. If it concerned her past, she must read that letter. It would be an act of self-defence; if it concerned his past, it would be an acquisition of power. "Besides," she laughed to herself, "ought not wives to read their husbands' letters? at least, the newspaper correspondents say so."

Her reverie was broken by her companion's voice being raised to the highest pitch of sympathetic eloquence. "The scoundrel! Was it not sad, dear? It shows how careful we all ought to be."

"It is a good thing that some of us are not careful, Lady Brazon, or the rest of us would have nothing to talk about. Shall we go in?"

When Lord Bloxam reached his smoking-room he flung himself into a luxurious chair and touched the bell. "Bring me up some champagne," he said to the man who answered his summons. "It is at least well to see things rosy," he murmured to himself, "though they are grey as night. Oh! wine, true alchemy to turn all things to gold! Through the sparkling bubbles of thy amber light all life is lovelier, all pangs less keen, all hopes more bright."

He drank two glasses, and opened the envelope before him. It contained several papers, from which he selected one, a letter, and began to read it. Before he had read many lines, he gave a cry of astonishment, and, laying the letter down, poured himself out another glass of wine, and lit another cigarette. Then he finished reading it, and, glancing over the other papers, leant his head back and appeared lost in thought.

"A thousand a year," he muttered to himself. "It is a good price, but I suppose it must be paid. I do not think I need be troubled by scruples. It is only men with bad consciences who are troubled with scruples. I certainly have not a bad conscience; I have no conscience at all. But what would Gladys say, if she knew? She would be quite heart-broken. Dear Gladys! She has so set her heart on being Lady Bloxam. I believe it is her life-work, and when it is accomplished she will die of *ennui*."

The sound of voices broke his reverie. "Dear Lord Bloxam, may we come in? Oh! you escaped to have a drink. How delightful! That is always the way with men. They think we should be shocked, whereas we are only envious. And those horrid letters! Poor man! I am sure you needed something. You are like the great physician who always took champagne before he attacked his pile of letters in the evening. You know, an advocate of total abstinence said to him, 'Does it make you answer them any better?' He replied, 'No; but when I have drunk it I don't care a fig if I answer them or not.' Only I believe he didn't say 'fig,' it is so unexpressive. Why are we women obliged to be so unexpressive?"

"Your lips were not given you to speak with, Lady Brazon, for you women have eyes, whose language is stronger than that of the voice."

When his two guests had entered, somewhat abruptly, Lord Bloxam had seized the papers on his knee, and thrust them hurriedly into their envelope. Then, while Lady Brazon was chattering, he opened a drawer, and, throwing them in without the slightest concern, as if they were merely littering the room, shut it, and turned the key, which he abstractedly took out and put in his pocket. He did not see that one paper had noiselessly drifted into the waste-paper basket. But Gladys Edwards saw it. She also saw the look on his face when they entered, the hasty movement of his hands, and the bottle of wine.

"Champagne?" she said to herself; "and yet he has such nerves." And then aloud, "Shall we go and have some tea? My mother is in the drawing-room." It was natural to her now to speak almost as the mistress of the house.

They left the smoking-room; but, before they had gone three yards, Gladys cried out, "How stupid of me to leave my fan in the garden—it is so hot! Oh, thank you, Lord Bloxam; you are kindness itself!"

When he was gone, she turned back into the smoking-room. "I dropped my handkerchief there," she explained to Lady Brazon on rejoining her; "and, why, here is my fan, after all."

A month afterwards there was a select dinner-party at Lady Brazon's house in town. It was given in honour of the latest scandal, and only

her most particular friends and enemies were invited—a chosen few to go forth as apostles of her story to all the dinner-tables of London. Nor was the scandal unworthy of the great talent collected to hear and preach it. No such piece of news had fallen to Lady Brazon's exclusive possession for years. It was absolutely her own. It concerned her dearest friends. How dear she never knew till this last proof of their kindness. It combined the romantic with the unexpected, and the unexpected with the undesirable. And, moreover, it was sure to turn out unhappily. For Gladys Edwards had not become Lady Bloxam of Bloxholme, but she had eloped with Lord Bloxam's valet, and was now Mrs. George Hartland Williams, of nowhere at all.

"Dear Gladys!" murmured the hostess from the head of her table. "Is it not sweet of her? It is a case of pure love! To give up a title and a hundred thousand a year for the sake of affection. It is quite like the old times, when love was so much more precious than gold, but so far less expensive than it is now. And how delightfully uncomfortable they will both be! It is so romantic to be uncomfortable."

"But what of Lord Bloxam?" inquired a keen-faced baronet on her left.

"Oh, Lord Bloxam? Dear Lord Bloxam! He is a philosopher, and nothing upsets him but a badly cooked dinner. It is said that he only exclaimed 'Little fool!' and sent the valet a month's wages as a wedding-present."

"What a noble woman Miss Edwards is!" exclaimed a young man who, as yet, was but a disciple of Society, "and how we have mis-read her! We always said she hunted Lord Bloxam for his title and his money. It shows how foolish it is—"

"To suppose that a woman is incapable of folly!" broke in Lady Brazon. "Alas! we all slip sometimes. Too soon we forget the principles of the first stories that loving mothers whisper in our ears. 'Be a good little girl, and you will marry a prince and live in a golden castle.'"

"I am afraid it is generally the bad little girls that get the princes nowadays," said the baronet.

"If wickedness is measured by success, Sir Henry, dear Gladys is a saint. And so she ought to be; she has sacrificed the marriage coronet for the martyr's crown"—and rising, she headed the departure of the ladies from the room.

In two weeks' time the fashionable world received yet another agreeable surprise. Lord Bloxam's right to his title and estate was impugned before the Bar of the House of Lords. The case was hopeless from the first. The claimant's evidence was complete and overwhelming. But, to give the lawyers a fair chance, the hearing was prolonged over many months. There was a time when Lord Bloxam could have retired from such a contest defeated, but with honour. As it was, he left it with a stain upon his name. Among the documentary evidence was the following letter, picked up, it was said, by a servant in the house. But the evidence on this point was misty, and no one quite seemed to know how or when it was obtained. However, its authenticity was undoubted: it was sworn to by the writer, who confessed everything.

It ran as follows—

Saywash, Clayton Co., Texas.

MY LORD,—The inquiries you requested me to institute are now at an end. They have been conducted with the utmost discretion. The following is the result in brief: Your elder brother, who left England for reasons best known to your own family, and settled in America under an assumed name, is truly dead, as you believed. The certificate of death that you procured some time ago is perfectly correct. But, before he died, he married the woman Janet Hartland, whose name you have already heard of, and after his death a son was born. The boy was christened George Hartland Williams. I enclose copies of the certificates of marriage and the child's birth. Your brother left no papers or evidence of his true rank behind him. He met with a sudden death, and died an unknown wanderer. The woman is still alive, and in complete ignorance of who he was or where he came from. The son is in England. I have carefully traced his career up to a few weeks ago, when he was valet to Lord Crowfoot. He is probably in the same situation. I enclose abstracts of all the evidence I have gathered in establishing the identity of this man with the son of your late brother. The original evidence I possess shall shortly be put in your hands. The allowance of £1000 a-year which you kindly promised me in consideration of my labours on your behalf will doubtless be paid over to me very soon. I am silence and discretion itself.—I am, my Lord, your obedient servant,

To LORD BLOXAM OF BLOXHOLME.

JOSEPH MARSH.

Before the year was over George Hartland Williams was recognised as Lord Bloxam.

When Lady Brazon heard the news she gave another dinner to her "dearest friends."

"So she is Lady Bloxam, after all," she murmured with a smile. "Sweet thing, so unselfish, and yet so successful! And he was such a charming valet. So very distinguished. If all virtues were rewarded like hers, how good we should all be! We always say it is its own reward, though we never believe it. But it is quite proper to say those things, Lord Shakespear, is it not?"

"Oh quite, Lady Brazon; but we think it a very inadequate reward. The reward of virtue ought to be vice. It would be so much more enjoyable. It is an admirable thing to be good, but it is very uncomfortable. But Miss Edwards has had all the credit of marrying for love, and all the comfort of marrying for money."

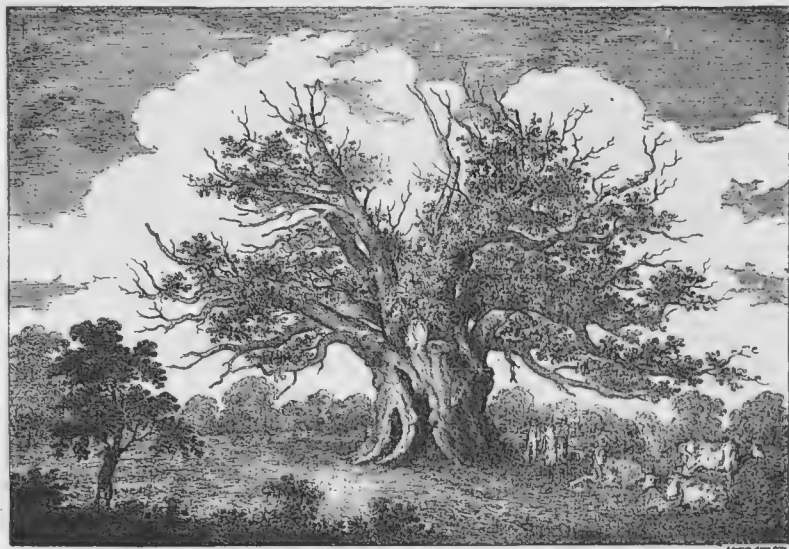
"Sweet girl!" said the hostess. "She has quite beautified marriage for love. We shall all marry for love now. It will become the fashion."

"It will be a fashionable lottery, that will rival the charms of a bazaar. We have not all a guardian angel to guide our steps. I wonder what spirit of good fortune whispered in her ear?"

But Lady Bloxam would have smiled if she had heard the question. Perhaps she would have been able to answer it.

A FAMOUS FAIR.

The first Friday in July has long been celebrated for the extraordinary fair associated with that fine old tree in Hainault Forest once known as Fairlop Oak. The oak itself, which was of enormous proportions and venerable antiquity, was destroyed by a storm in 1820; but the origin of the fair dates back scarcely two centuries. In or about the year 1720, Mr. Daniel Day, of Wapping, commenced the annual custom of dining here with some of his friends. The custom rapidly spread to such an



FAIRLOP OAK, HAINAULT FOREST.

extent that, towards the end of the last century, Fairlop Fair was annually visited by about twenty-five thousand persons. The "Fairlop Boat" was, and still is, one of the most remarkable features of the fair. Its origin is thus explained: When Mr. Day was no longer able to walk to Fairlop, he employed different methods of travelling thither, but, whether riding or driving, some accident usually happened. This led him to desire that his remains should go by river to Barking, and the boat was introduced into the procession ever after. When the oak was destroyed, some of the wood was brought to London, and the pulpit in St. Pancras Church, as also that in Wanstead Church, are said to have been composed of it. Fairlop Fair still lingers, but it no longer flourishes in the commercial and unpoetical atmosphere of the present age.

MY LADY'S HAT.

A PROTEST.

Through many a season's cloud and sun
And wind and rain,
I've watched the sands of fashion run,
And loved you, Jane;
And never has my firm belief
In your fair fancies caused me grief.

My deep devotion has been sound
When you've elected
To trail your skirts upon the ground,
And quite protected
My mind has been from haggard doubt
When you've essayed to do without.

In strange and devious paths, where you
Have sought for beauty,
I've followed, and a rosy view
Has been sweet duty;
Determined ever to admire
The fashion of my Jane's attire.

But now, ah! now, that roseate hue
Too surely dies,
A hostile and "electric blue"
Corrupts my eyes;
And all around, infecting me,
"Magenta" rages, wild and free.

"Magenta" shot with every shade
Which erring man
Has, in his wildest moments, made
Since shades began;
Such shades as make the blood run cold,
And blanch the cheek of young and old.

In me they have so worked, that thin
And pale, I send
My tearful resignation in,
And "office" end;
I have no sight to follow more
My Lady's hat from door to door.—DOLLIE RADFORD.

HEROES OF THE CRICKET FIELD.



MR. K. J. KEY.

GOLD IN SUTHERLANDSHIRE.

For anglers, sportsmen, and painters, the county of Sutherland is a paradise. For those who thought they could make its native resources yield fortunes there has, hitherto, been only disappointment; but lo! gold has been discovered, and the future of this remote county has become rosy.

History has it that a native went out to Victoria in one of the gold rushes to that colony, made a small pile, and then, with true British love of home, returned in 1869 to spend his days. But the restlessness of the digger overcame him, and, as he fancied he saw in the Kildonan Hills some resemblance to those he knew in Australia, he set to work, and lo! the "wash-dirt" in the tributaries of the Helmsdale River was found to shimmer with gold-dust. The news spread like wild-fire, and a motley crew of adventurers and old diggers soon reached the deserted strath and built the famous tented "Baile 'n oir," or "City of Gold." A few, at the very outset, made, or professed to make, a good thing of it, and more flocked to the "diggings," and the topical song all over the Highlands then was—

I'm off to Kildonan, my fortune for to try;
I'm off to Kildonan, so, all my friends, good-bye!

Many erected cradles, but the vast majority had simply tinker-made basins with sunk rims. They pulled up the heather by the roots, and

the licence-fee of one pound per quarter would not repay him, and he most reluctantly closed the place in 1871. During the time they were open, a ten per cent. royalty is said to have been paid on £6000; but, of course, the miners tried to evade this duty, and some good authorities estimate the finds at from £10,000 to £12,000. For the quarter of a century which has passed since then the substantial signboard of "Baile 'n oir" has been the only guide to the *locale* of the mushroom city, and the bleat of sheep the only sound. But whenever work became scarce in the neighbouring village of Helmsdale, some of the natives did a quiet day's digging, and rumour has it that about £300 worth of gold is sent out of this little village annually.

Though the present population of Sutherlandshire admits of every one of the inhabitants standing at a distance of five hundred yards apart, there has been a considerable amount of poverty in the county lately, and the County Council, in order, if possible, to add a little to the county's resources, have asked the present Duke of Sutherland to allow them a free trial of the fields, to put their productiveness to a test, and settle the matter once for all. The Duke has allowed this, and has agreed to permit miners to select twenty claims, each forty feet square. Diggers have been selected, but they have not yet all turned up, as the Council have made a bargain in true Scotch fashion, and insist that all the gold found during the three months' trial must be handed to a neutral party, who will, at the end of that time, deduct the expenses of working the scheme, and the royalty, and then hand the balance to the diggers. At present, as one drives from the



KILDONAN CHURCH.

FOUNDED BY ST. DONAN, A DISCIPLE OF COLUMBA.



KILDONAN STRATH, FROM HELMSDALE.

washed the mould; others quarried, and found the débris of the interstices to yield well, but none of them ever attempted to crush the quartz, though at one time as many as five hundred men were working.

Gradually the finds fell off. The sheep-farmers grumbled that the hollows, which afforded pasture to their stock in winter, were destroyed; and the late Duke of Sutherland, on whose property it was, found that



HELMSDALE HARBOUR, FROM THE BRIDGE.

neighbouring village of Helmsdale, this golden glen is, in all truth, barren enough, though, to an artist's eye, there are many beautiful "bits," and, for an antiquarian who cares for Pictish remains, there is abundance of material, as well as for the historian, who could here see the many fields on which the Celts met and checked the Norsemen as they were making their conquering way southward. A. P.



THE RIVER WHERE GOLD IS FOUND.



THE WORLD OF SPORT.

CRICKET.

The grand weather continuing, big scoring has been the order of the day. But even big scoring cannot go on for ever, not even at Brighton, where it generally threatens so to do. Whenever the annual match between Sussex and a University comes round for decision, I really shudder for the consequences. Generally, it has been Cambridge who provided the fun, and it will be remembered 1891 saw a record established in the matter of aggregate runs scored. This has now been beaten, and it says something for the bowling poverty of the University teams, to say nothing of poor old Sussex, that this should have accrued from Oxford's visit to the Hove ground.

Candidly speaking, if the weather to-morrow only be as glorious as this summer it has been, I anticipate some sensational hitting at Lord's. Neither University seems to possess a bowler above mediocrity, whereas, on the other hand, there are some grand batsmen at each. G. J. Mordaunt, who has been amusing himself with a score of 264 not out—against Sussex, need I add?—is, perhaps, the most dangerous of them all, and, supported as he will be by Warner, Fry, Foster, Phillips, Leveson-Gower, &c., the Cambridge bowlers may well pray hard for rain. The pick of the Light Blue scorers are the two Surreyites, N. F. and Captain W. G. Druce, Mitchell, Studd, and Wilson, and, if the Cantabs win the toss, we may see the fur fly just the same. I say "may"; but, if Oxford win the toss, then we will!

The first favourite for the County Championship Stakes is still Surrey, with Lancashire next best in demand, and Yorkshire hotly, if vainly, pursuing them both. Every big win of the champions is succeeded by a still more brilliant achievement. Perhaps the finest triumph to the Surrey men was the hollow thrashing they administered to Leicestershire, who, early in the season, had undoubtedly caught them napping. An altogether more meritorious performance was the ten-wickets' success over Middlesex at Lord's, the 98 required to win being knocked off without winking. With Lohmann about to join the team, I suppose the full strength of Surrey will go in in this order: R. Abel, M. Read, T. Hayward, Mr. W. W. Read, G. A. Lohmann, Mr. K. J. Key, A. Street, W. H. Lockwood, W. Brockwell, H. Wood, and T. Richardson. It is a team and a half!

Of the making of centuries there is still no end. Every morning we open our paper and are confronted with innings of three figures to right and to left. Of course, Dr. "W. G." has a finger in the pie. His sixth hundred of the season was rattled up like clockwork against a poor Zingari eleven, other "soft things" being the five at Brighton, Mordaunt's 264 not out, Fry's 125, Ranjitsinhji's 137 not out, Wilson's 174, and Marlow's 130. I am not certain, by the way, but that five "centuries" in one match is a record. Tunncliffe also obtained three figures against Notts, but indubitably the best of the whole bunch was Hayward's 111 against the Middlesex bowlers. Hayward is by many considered to be the coming champion batsman.

Somebody has been writing to ask me my idea on the best eleven England, if necessary, could turn out at the present time. There are so many good cricketers about that selection of a paltry eleven is an awfully difficult matter. Still, if I had to choose, I should take the following on my side: Dr. W. G. Grace, R. Abel, A. Ward, Mr. F. S. Jackson, Mr. A. E. Stoddart, W. Gunn, R. Peel, W. Storer,

A. D. Pougher, T. Richardson, and A. Mold. Even here I am leaving out players who practically head the averages.

CYCLING AND ATHLETICS.

It is a strange circumstance that the three winners of the N.C.U.'s second batch of championships at Herne Hill should be young, Watson and Protin being twenty-two, and Platt-Betts twenty. There was considerable interest attached to F. C. R. Protin's début in this little island, as, by many, he was reckoned the best cyclist in the country. A Belgium-born

man, Protin takes the eye a typical athlete, and the splendid style in which he disposed of A. W. Harris stamped him as a man of class. Harris, it will be remembered, met with a bad accident a year or two ago; but, although he did not quite ride up to form against Protin, he considers the Belgian the best man, except Zimmerman, he has ever met. Protin has only been out four years, but even this exceeds by two seasons the career of J. Platt-Betts, who has actually lowered each of the three records he has at present gone for. A. J. Watson, the winner of the five-miles event, is interviewed on another page.

C. F. Barden, who did so well up to a certain point at Herne Hill, essayed to beat his own record of 1 min. 53 2-5 sec. at the Catford's evening meeting a few days ago. Although the weather was exceedingly close, and there was scarcely a breath of wind about, Barden, going throughout in brilliant fashion, covered the distance in 1 min. 50 2-5 sec., this being the new record.

There will be a fashionable scene at the Queen's Club to-day for the Oxford and Cambridge Sports; and more than usual interest will attach to them, for I hear that a greater number of Blues than usual will be found competing in the championships to be held at Stamford Bridge on Saturday next. I am also informed that Denis Horgan (Irish Weight-putting Champion), J. M. Ryan (Irish High-jump Champion), Michel Svalhat (French Half-mile Champion), and J. Gluckowski (French Long-jump Champion), will also appear, to give Saturday's anniversary an international character.

I have an idea, however, that this season's championships will not witness the success of many "strangers." The 100-yards race will once more witness Bradley and Downer in opposition, and, though the Englishman is somewhat slower in getting off the mark, I anticipate Bradley's success, always presuming he is fit and well. Downer, by the way, won no fewer than three events at the Scottish Championships last week, but he will find the quality of the opposition different here.

Perhaps he will go for the quarter-mile. The hurdles should fall to Godfrey Shaw, the one and four miles to F. E. Bacon (though Munro may have something to say in the longer event), putting the weight and throwing the hammer to Dr. Barry again, and the walk to Curtis, who may be most troubled by Knott. Bredin will, I dare say, take the half-mile, even if the Cantab Fitzherbert elect to start.

ROWING.

Arrangements for Henley Royal Regatta are proceeding apace. I am given to understand that the Dark Blues will be particularly well represented, seeing that, in the Leander eight, Duncanson, the Cantab, will be joining seven Oxonians. The boat is thus arranged: C. W. N. Graham (bow), J. A. Ford, H. Graham, T. J. G. Duncanson, W. B. Stewart, C. D. Burnell, M. C. Pilkington, and C. W. Kent (stroke).



C. FONTAINE, THE TWENTY-FOUR HOURS' RECORD HOLDER.

Photo by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.

Guy Nickalls will defend his title in the Diamond Sculls, and he and his brother Vivian will also row with London. C. K. Philips, T. E. Stretch, W. E. Crum, and C. M. Pitman, will go for the Stewards' Four, and Pitman and Crum will make a dash for the Silver Goblets.

Cambridge University are sending Trinity Hall for the Ladies' Cup and the Grand, Lady Margaret for the Ladies' Cup, and First Trinity and Caius for the Visitors' Cup Fours.

OLYMPIAN.

A REAL CYCLING CHAMPION.

By virtue of winning, on successive Saturdays, the one-mile championship at Manchester and the five miles at Herne Hill, Mr. A. J. Watson may fairly lay claim to the proud title of Champion of England.

A representative of *The Sketch*, anxious to find out how it was done, paid a visit to Isleworth, the residence of Mr. Watson.



A. J. WATSON, ONE AND FIVE MILES CHAMPION.

Photo by Brixton Photo Co., Brixton Road, S.W.

sique a great influence. I only stand 5 ft. 4½ in. myself, and weigh 9 st. 8 lb., and I am by no means what you would call a strong fellow. To my mind, if Zimmerman were not the marvel he is, he would find his height all against him. The little men get round the turns much quicker."

"Have you had a very long career?"

"No, I am extremely 'new,' seeing that I did not take to racing before 1891. I was eighteen then. I began cycling, however, in 1886, and at once made it my hobby, though I am very fond of sculling, and also used to play cricket. I wouldn't advise boys to go at it too hard at first, certainly not to race till they are at least seventeen."

"You have never suffered any ill-effects from cycling?"

"On the contrary, the only occasions when I have felt seedy were in the hard winter, when I was prevented from riding. I am never so well as when on my bicycle. We hear a deal about the 'back-bending disease,' but I am upright enough! Everything should be done in moderation."

"You are not particularly moderate in the number of your successes."

"Well, as to that, I have only won the Gamage Cup outright, but I have won once in three and twice in two others, including the Portsmouth Hundred Guinea, the second race for which takes place in August. I travel about considerably in the course of a year, and, as a matter of fact, my best time for the mile—my favourite distance—was accomplished at Ghent, 2 min. 14 2-5 sec. Platt-Betts and I hold the tandem record still, 2 min. 2 sec., and nothing would give me greater pleasure than that the N.C.U. should permit us to meet any other two. The great licensing question, as you know, at present interferes with it."

"You have a favourite machine, Mr. Watson?"

"Well, I have never ridden anything but a 'Raglan,' and I am quite satisfied with it. I have a favourite track, and that is cement or wood; cinders I don't care for at all. Herne Hill is the nicest place of all—the nicest, if not the fastest. I am not dreaming of retiring just yet. I won the Five-Miles' Championship in 1893, was second in 1894, and this year have already proved successful in the mile. To-morrow I will go for the five miles." And, as everyone knows, on the morrow he won it.

It was the day before the second battle, and the interviewer's hair almost stood upon end, for—Watson was smoking a cigarette!

"No, I don't believe in training," said the Polytechnic flier, "at least, not in any hard-and-fast system of regulating special diet. I don't mean to say I go to the other extreme. For instance, I am very fond of pastry, but, of course, I would not think of eating pastry to-day, when I have some hard riding to do on the morrow. Practically speaking, I am always in fit condition to race, and I find that by living easily you are just about as fit as you require to be. About two hours before a race I take a chop, while at Manchester I drank a glass of lager previous to mounting my bicycle. I don't say mine is the recognised system, or even that it is the right, but it answers with me."

"Surely, though, a racer has to be in very strong fettle?"

"Not so much in cycling as in other sports. Nor has phy-

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

Things do not look over-bright just now for Goodwood, as the upset in the political world may interfere with the arrangements for the Sussex fortnight. At the same time, the sport will be fairly good—that is, if we get plenty of rain at the training quarters in the meanwhile. If the drought continues, runners will be scarce, and it may be that some of the high-class two-year-olds will miss their engagements. Owners can, however, console themselves with the fact that the going at Goodwood is never bad, and it is rare that a horse breaks down on this course.

Very serious complaints continue to come to hand of the doings of thieves and welters on our racecourses, and it really is time for the Jockey Club to take notice of the matter. Welshing has been held to be a terrible offence in the eyes of the law, yet the game is carried on daily at race-meetings, but seldom do we hear of the wrongdoers being delivered over to justice. The poor people who have been robbed of their money cannot waste further time and money to pursue the matter, but the officials ought to do this part of the business at all costs. If they fail to do their duty as they ought, I propose that a Backers' Protection Society be started. It could be worked at a small cost, and would soon rid the course of evildoers.

Very little St. Leger gossip is forthcoming. The dangerous outsider is Troon, owned by the Duke of Portland; at the same time, I think victory will rest with Sir Visto. Although we have been shown of late what a poor lot of three-year-olds we have running this year, on the other hand, I venture to submit that many of the two-year-olds are smashers, and the classic races next year will take some winning. I heard of one plunger who offered to take ten "monkeys" about Persimmon for the Derby of '96, but he was not accommodated.

The Jockey Club have acted wisely, I think, in lopping off some of the fixtures made for the Saturdays preceding Bank Holidays. Racing is very much overdone, and if things go on as they are, the supply of horseflesh will not meet the demand.

If current rumours are to be believed, many members of the ring are on the verge of bankruptcy, and they attribute their present critical position to the fact that many swell punters, who bet on the nod, do not settle. I have many times before suggested that any man who did not pay, be he peer or peasant, should be posted in due course. If this were done, it would, I am sure, entirely extinguish the plunging school. Further, a healthier tone would pervade the racecourse, and owners would then stand a chance of coming by a little of their own.

The American invasion of England will have been completed when Mr. Lorillard sends his horses to run in this country next spring. The Yankees are 'cute enough to see that the stakes run for in this country are worth the winning, while they can back their horses here for all they are worth. The American papers have, of late, been imputing all sorts of unfair motives to our handicappers in dealing with the foreign horses. All the same, our good old motto, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*, is believed in, in this part of the world, at any rate.

Calder, or Joe Calder, as he is known to his immediate friends, has come to the fore of late years as a jockey. He is a Warwick lad, and was apprenticed to E. Weever. For many years he confined his attention to the West-Country meetings, but, after his win on Veracity in the Cambridgeshire, many prominent owners sought his services, and since then he has ridden several good winners. But the crowning point in his career was when he rode Florizel II. to victory at Gatwick, and again at Manchester. The initiated need not be told that Florizel II. is a difficult horse to ride, but Calder did him the fullest justice, and it is safe to predict that the famous jockey will don the royal colours in the future when the weight is too light for Watts to take the mount. Like many another jockey of the present day, Calder may be termed a "careful man." He has earned a lot of money, and has invested it to the greatest advantage, and is supposed to be wealthy. Calder is a good judge of horseflesh. He knows how to train, and he has a capital eye, strong hands, and good judgment for riding. He has had an advantage over some members of the fashionable school, as he has always done a lot of hard riding at exercise. Calder is married, and lives at Warwick.



J. CALDER.

Photo by Clarence Hailey, St. John's Wood.

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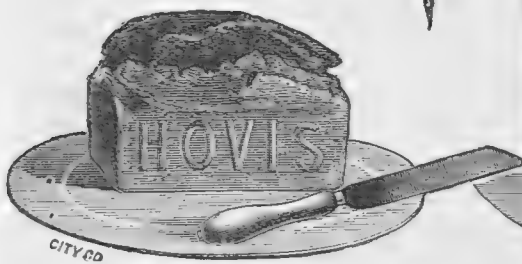
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SOME FACTS, WITH PERSONAL EXPERIENCES.

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NOTES FROM THE THEATRES.

Certainly we are having a liberal education in the art of acting, and any young player who takes every opportunity of studying this year should soon make great strides. Probably few would deny that Bernhardt, Duse, and Rehan are the three greatest living actresses; some, no doubt, would make the trio a quartet by including Mrs. Patrick Campbell, but on this point, since politics are in the air, I "move the previous question." Rumours had reached London in advance of Mr. Daly's company to the effect, that Miss Ada Rehan had "gone off," that her charm had vanished, and she had taken to over-acting. Whether the rumours were the result of ignorance or malice, or whether they were but ingenious advertisements, I cannot say. Certainly they proved to be utterly untrue.

"The Railroad of Love" is not much more than a lively German farce, cleverly adapted by Mr. Daly, and, in the hands of an ordinary company, would be of no great value. The wonderful art of Miss Rehan raised it to the dignity of comedy. The "door" scene, in the second act, is a delightful piece of pure acting. The way in which the actress shows the audience how deeply she is in love, while, with dainty coquettishness, she keeps her lover at a distance, proves surprisingly the "lifting" power of a great artist. Who that has seen it will ever forget the way in which, after haughtily, as a great favour, letting her lover kiss her hand, she, unseen by him, presses eagerly to her mouth the spot that his lips have just touched. No doubt she shows some tendency to use her beautiful voice as an instrument of music rather than mere speech—a tendency shared by Bernhardt. Apropos, or almost, the pronunciation by the company of the word "lieutenant" as "lootenant" or "lewtenant" seemed queer: mouths that cannot sound the difficult "lieu" might as well abandon the effort, and adopt the English "left"-tenant, an easy way out of the difficulty.

How the great actresses prove the superiority of art to nature in matters theatrical! Were Miss Ada Rehan or Bernhardt half so fascinating in their first youth as now, when, with apologies, one may mention that they have been before the public a longer time than the whole years of Juliet's life? Could the most beautiful and talented young girl in the world make Cousin Val seem so irresistible to her lover as Miss Rehan appears to be? I think not. Strong glasses may search through grease-paint, and remind us that Bernhardt has a full-grown son, and that Miss Rehan might be mother to the *ingénue* playing with her, but our senses are captured by the art of the player, and we understand how the men they play on are enthralled by them and forget everything. Some of us would like to borrow the place of M. Guityry or Mr. Frank Worthing.

My first recollection of Mr. Worthing was on the hot July afternoon at the Shaftesbury when Mrs. Patrick Campbell first gladdened us, and he appeared as Orlando to her Rosalind. Since then I have always looked upon him as an actor of great promise, though romantic and not humorous work seems his true line. In Daly's company he proves to be of great value, and if he has not at present the weight of John Drew, whose secession we all regret, he succeeds in standing up to Miss Rehan and enabling her to use the full measure of her powers; indeed, he proved as much at home in the humorous notes of the part as in the moments of real love passion. Miss Sybil Carlisle, who, it will be remembered, played very prettily in the clever, luckless "Gudgeons," is a decided gain to the company. By the way, the actor who took the part of her sweetheart really is irritating beyond reasonable degree in his jerky, exaggerated style. Of course, I have nothing new to say about Mrs. G. H. Gilbert and Mr. James Lewis; all our playgoers are fond of these excellent comedians. Incidentally, I should like to mention that it is a crime to put a black-wood cottage piano, with three big jars of the ugliest modern manufacture on the top of it, in a room which, otherwise, is furnished in *premier Empire* style excellently carried out. However, this is a minor point.

It rarely happens that so many sources of origin have been suggested for a play as in the case of "The Strange Adventures of Miss Brown." "Charley's Aunt," "The New Boy," "The Magistrate," "Le Petit Duc," "School," an episode in "Pickwick," a canto of "Don Juan," and "Jane Annie," have been put forward as contributing to what has been called a "pot-pourri" and an "olla-podrida." It would be difficult to pretend that Messrs. Robert Buchanan and Charles Marlowe really have consciously plagiarised from so many authors; it is not inconceivable that, although Mr. Buchanan doubtless is acquainted with all the works that I have named, he and his collaborateur have not wilfully borrowed at all. By-the-by, I notice that the authors are even accused of borrowing notions from one or two French farces not yet seen in London, which seems to me a rather unfair way of making a charge of plagiarism. The accuser, unless he pretends that his accusation is founded upon a matter of common notoriety, ought, I think, to give fuller particulars. Now, no doubt, so far as actual merit in authorship is concerned, these charges of plagiarism, if well founded, are pertinent; for though much skill may be shown in making a "resurrection pie," it is skill of a humble order. Yet it cannot be said that the audience were affected by the question of originality, while I fancy the critics quite enjoyed the game of seeking out parallel passages. "The Strange Adventures of Miss Brown" may, as a work of art, deserve all the censure that it has received, but it proved amusing to the house. Certainly the success was greatly due to the acting. Mr. Fred Kerr did not quite seem an ideal Miss Brown, though he was funny at times; Miss Palfrey was charming as Angela, the heroine; and Miss Esmé Beringer was delightful as the Demerara girl who caused some people to whisper "Vanity Fair," and others to try, unsuccessfully, to find some phrase about Demerara sugar and Miss

Beringer that might serve as an ingenious, truthful compliment. Mr. Lionel Brough was irresistibly funny as the detective, and hearty praise is due to Mrs. M. A. Victor and Mr. John Beauchamp.

One need not say very much about "Qwong-Hi," Mr. Fenton Mackay's farcical comedy. The author has not succeeded in the difficult task of writing a piece round Mr. Willie Edouin as the Heathen Chinee. The merits of the work were in almost inverse proportion to its length, which was prodigious. However, Mr. Edouin was very funny as the Chinaman, though his "pidgen English" was a hard tax upon critics already exhausted by the French, Italian, German, and American companies. Miss May Edouin perhaps, as yet, shows little instinct for acting, but as singer and dancer is most promising. No afternoon is utterly wasted when Miss Annie Gavard gives one of her ingenious studies of the "servant-gal"; ever since "Our Flat," she has seemed to me, though her path be humble, one of the most perfect things on our stage.

Perhaps the most important events of the week have been the announcement that M. Jean de Reszke will not appear this season, and the appearances of Madame Sembrich and Madame Bellincioni. Those who know what an exhausting effect is produced by the Carlsbad cure, suspected that the popular tenor would not be fit for the heavy work of opera within the lifetime of this noteworthy season. Probably few of the general public guess what a gigantic labour it is to take the chief part in a modern opera, where not a bar can be trifled with, where real acting is demanded of a part that does not "act itself."

Madame Bellincioni is famous as the original Santuzza in the over-rated "Cavalleria Rusticana," a work that might well be permitted to rest. So far as acting is concerned in the part presented by Calvé and Duse, the new-comer, if she hardly equalled the others, proved herself to be a notable artist. Her voice shows signs of wear, and, though her singing is creditable, in a season of vocal giants like the present, it seems hardly sufficient. So long has Madame Sembrich been absent that she seemed to have become rather a tradition than a being, and great was the pleasure of those who heard her in "La Traviata" and found that time had stood still with her, and, both as singer and actress, she could rouse to enthusiasm a house many members of which had lately rejoiced in the Violetta of Madame Patti. By-the-by, with the return of Madame Patti, I regret to notice that there has been some return to the old disrespectful treatment of masterpieces. The trio in "Don Giovanni," repeated before the curtain, is as bad as the introduction of "Home, Sweet Home" and a modern vocal waltz when she appeared as Zerlina. It is to be hoped that this sort of thing will be stopped. There is little actually to be said of the Zerlina of Madame Patti that has not been said of her Violetta and Rosina, which have caused the public to show how ill-founded is the foreign idea that we are a cold people.

MONOCLE.



"THAT'S FUNNY!"

PARLIAMENT.

BY A "CAUTIOUS CONSERVATIVE."

At last! The worst and most unscrupulous Government of modern times is out; only by a chance vote, it is true, but all that the country wanted was that the Rosebery Administration should go, and I don't think people will care a pin about the order of their going. And a Unionist Ministry is in. That is as it should be, and it is no surprise. For more than a year it has been generally known that the Duke of Devonshire and Mr. Chamberlain would take office with the Conservatives, and the deed has now been done with a smoothness which has evidently disconcerted the Radical Party. That, at any rate, is the only explanation I can offer for the renewed bitterness displayed by them against Mr. Chamberlain. If they really wanted to injure that resolute statesman, who for nine years has put patriotism before party, they should have done anything rather than vilify him now. Such malicious conduct will only make Mr. Chamberlain more popular with the party whose association with him has brought so much unmerited abuse about his head. Mr. Chamberlain's appointment as Secretary of State for the Colonies is somewhat of a surprise; he had been mentioned for the Exchequer, the Admiralty, and the War Office, but not for the Colonies. But the French Colonial Office will understand what it means when it recalls certain speeches of Mr. Chamberlain's in the House of Commons on African questions recently. If we are to judge from his past record, Mr. Chamberlain will be a very strong Minister for the Colonies indeed, and his office promises to be a very much more important one than it has been with Lord Ripon at its head.

OUR POLICY.

Our policy for the moment is simple enough. The only thing the country wants is a dissolution, and that is the only thing at present that the Unionists could have cared to take office for. In the existing composition of the House of Commons, the Unionists can have no policy to propose. They will propose a policy at the General Election, and if they obtain a majority, they will carry it out; but the attempt in some Radical quarters to demonstrate that a policy ought to be announced now, is both unconstitutional and insincere. Unconstitutional because we are not yet at the General Election, and insincere because their own leader, Mr. Gladstone, has always declined, and made a great point of it in 1886 and 1892, that the time to formulate a detailed policy was after a majority in your favour had been returned. The question before the country is simply one of confidence. We don't want any Newcastle Programme on our side; but it is absurd, at this time of day, to pretend that the electors do not know what sort of Government the Unionist Party will provide.

THE CRUX OF A NEW POLICY.

But because this is not the right moment for announcing a policy, that is no reason why we should not have one. There is one subject upon which, as a cautious and conciliatory Conservative, I should like to see a healthy public opinion forming on the Unionist side. I refer to Ireland. Mr. Justin McCarthy—who, being of a naturally feeble disposition, has to resort to strong language in order to assume an appearance of resolution—has just issued the Anti-Parnellite Manifesto with a good thumping lie as its opening sentence. "You see in office," he cries, "the bitterest enemies of Ireland!" That is simply a malicious untruth, uttered for the basest and most traitorous party purposes. Mr. Balfour has been, and is likely to be, the best friend Ireland ever had. It may be taken as certain that the policy of Coercion will not be revived by the Unionists in Ireland except under the strongest necessity, arising from a state of revolutionary conspiracy. Our policy ought to be one of conciliation. That is not a new thing for us Unionists to say. We have already done much to promote the industrial revival in Ireland, and it is our purpose to do still more. When Home Rule is killed and retires out of practical politics, there is even more that could safely be done to conciliate the excited parties opposed to us in Ireland. Much will depend upon the new Chief Secretary, much upon the new Viceroy, who, in Lord Cadogan, will have every intention and every opportunity to represent her Majesty worthily in the Emerald Isle. But I confess that there are one or two pet schemes, favourably known among Irish Unionists, which would go a good deal further than the mere making of good appointments. I should like to see a royal residence bought in Ireland for the Duke of York; I should like to see our royalty going to Ireland occasionally; and, so far as is practicable, I should like to see "the Castle"—that hated embodiment of an obsolete "Saxon tyranny"—abolished. There is, to my mind, no more reason for having a Viceroy in Ireland than one in Scotland—unless, as might conceivably become necessary, Ireland had to be treated altogether as a Crown Colony. Then the land question has got to be settled. I should like to see a really large measure of Land Purchase, which would satisfy the tenants and be fair to the landlords. All this can be done by the Unionists. There is only one way of bringing Ireland back into loyal co-operation with the Empire. Her sentiments must be conciliated, her industrial prosperity established. British common sense and tolerance and British capital and energy can do both. It is for us to solve this great Irish Question, and this is the way to do it.

There was an Old Woman of Croydon,
To look young she affected the hoyden,
And would jump round and skip
Till she put out her hip,
Alas! poor Old Woman of Croydon.

PARLIAMENT.

BY A "RASH RADICAL."

The dissolution is upon us, Lord Salisbury is once more Prime Minister of England, and, until the constituencies can speak, there is not much need to concern ourselves with the House of Commons. It is curious to see how quickly the whole matter has been accomplished. I must say that it has worn, to me, from the beginning, a somewhat mysterious air. There certainly is no reason why, if all the Liberals who ought to have voted had voted on Mr. Campbell-Bannerman's salary, a Liberal Government should have been defeated. More than one Minister slipped out unpaired; others went home to dine placidly, thinking that everything was right; and all this time the Unionist, though not, perhaps, the Tory Whips, were straining every nerve to bring up their men. However, to their Tory colleagues, if not to themselves, the result was a surprise; and curiously enough, as soon as the change has come and office has been forced on them, they have not been so happy. They have protested that they did not want to take office, and though they defeated the Government on a motion which necessarily involved resignation, they pretend to think it a wrong that Lord Rosebery and his colleagues should have forced them to take up the responsibility they had invited. All this goes to show that a policy of resignation was a wise one. It was supported, as I happen to know, by Lord Rosebery and Sir William Harcourt, though there was a minority of Ministers strongly in favour of dissolution. There never was, however, any question of holding on, or of endeavouring to resume the fight in the Commons. Everybody seemed to feel that the moral force of the Government had been destroyed, and it was hopeless to try and set it up again. I fancy this was the true solution of the difficulty. The Welsh members were making it very hard for Mr. Asquith; and the crotchety Mr. Thomas, even more than the impulsive Mr. Lloyd George, was creating a feeling of exasperation which had something to do with the decision to throw up the sponge.

THE CAUSE OF THE CRASH.

As for the facts of the case which led to the final crash, they were, I believe, all on Mr. Campbell-Bannerman's side. The author of the triumphant motion, Mr. Brodric, is a fussy young gentleman, who conceives that he has a mission to set the country right on War Office administration. He has not a tithe of Mr. Bannerman's knowledge or ability, and, so far as the question of the reserve of ammunition is concerned, I do not believe that he had a fact to support him. The original store of cartridges was fixed by Sir Redvers Buller, and was declared by him to be sufficient. I know that Mr. Campbell-Bannerman holds that, if war broke out to-morrow, our entire force of Regulars and Reserves could be supplied with perfect ease. The whole affair is, indeed, a mare's nest. The truth is that it is a mere squabble of faddists, the facts being that we can produce cordite in almost any quantity, and that it is not politic to keep it long, both it and black powder deteriorating with time. The whole affair, indeed, has been a most discreditable one.

LORD SALISBURY'S BRUSQUENESS.

For the rest, nothing has happened in either House, save the rather brisk encounter between Lord Salisbury and Lord Rosebery, on the rather discourteous way in which the War Minister was asked to give up his seals of office, the theory of the Constitution being that, as a Minister receives them from the Queen, he must place them in her hands. Lord Salisbury apparently sent his secretary to Mr. Bannerman to ask him whether he would mind returning them through a messenger. The message was muddled, and it was made to appear that an actual demand was made for Mr. Campbell-Bannerman to give up his seals of office. This he declined to do, and was very indignant about the whole affair. Lord Salisbury is rather brusque in these matters, and does not seem to have behaved with absolute courtesy. But I do not think he had any deliberate intention of hurting Mr. Campbell-Bannerman's feelings, for the Secretary for War is one of the most popular figures in politics.

PROSPECTS OF THE ELECTION.

What is the result of the Election to be? We shall probably be in the thick of it in the second week in July, and I have no doubt that it will show a Unionist majority, but I do not think that it will be very large, or that it will place them in power in any real sense. In fact, their difficulties are coming. They have not spared the Rosebery Government, and they, especially Mr. Chamberlain, cannot expect to be tenderly treated in return. The butt of the Ministry, it is already clear, is Mr. Chamberlain. The new Secretary for the Colonies will have a terrible time of it. I cannot say the position is one for which he is most fitted, for his keen temper and sharp tongue might be employed more usefully than in delicate negotiations with high-spirited colonies and with French filibusterers. On the whole, the outlook, apart from party politics, is a serious one for the Empire.

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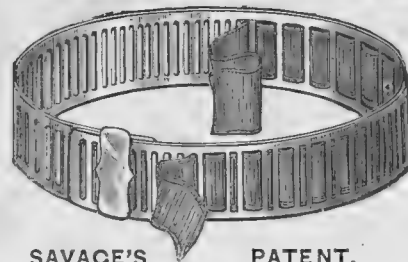
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OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FASHIONS UP TO DATE.

Everything comes to those who know how to wait, so the saying goes. But the pity of it is that, only too often, the waiting has been so long and weary that the desire for the special object in question has withered away. However, this keynote of so many tragedies does not concern us at the moment, I am glad to say; for the delay of a week will not, I am sure, have dispelled your desire to see and hear more of celebrities' clothes at Ascot, even though that delightful function has now been consigned to oblivion till next year. These particular gowns, however, well merit a reserved seat in the storehouse of our memory, in order that they may be brought forth from time to time to afford the necessary inspiration for our own new dresses. Certainly you could at no time find a better model than Mrs. George Alexander, who I always maintain to be one of the best-gowned women in London, and who enjoys the additional distinction of being the wife of that well-beloved

Last, and perhaps loveliest, was a gown the fabric of which was beautiful exceedingly. The groundwork was of white glacé silk, sprinkled over with wee pink roses and tender-blue forget-me-nots, these bands of flower-strewn white being interspersed with other bands formed of a number of line-stripes in blue. This for the skirt; and then there was a bodice of white chiffon and black net, with a floral appliqué design in mellow-tinted old lace, and a glittering shower of moonlight-blue sequins to make perfection still more perfect. As to the sleeves, they were of the silk, and the bodice was cut square, to admit a tiny chemisette of drawn chiffon. The accompanying head-gear took the form of a gold cabochon toque, the front set round with the modest mignonette, while delicate pink roses clustered at the sides; and, for further trimming, there was a big, airy bow of white chiffon, behind which peeped out a cluster of lilies-of-the-valley and a white osprey. Perhaps, out of all her eminently successful costumes, Mrs. George Alexander's piquant, sparkling prettiness was set off to the very best advantage by this striking dress, and my main object in life at the



MISS MARY MOORE'S ASCOT DRESS.



MRS. GEORGE ALEXANDER'S ASCOT DRESSES.



actor of ours, George Alexander. Take, for instance, one of her Ascot dresses—the material quite a new kind of silk, with a crocodile effect, the colour being an exquisite shade of yellowish green, spotted over with black. The bodice had charmingly pretty sleeves, the puffs at the top being arranged in butterfly form, while over the shoulders fell pointed epaulettes bordered with a narrow band of black satin, and another band of glacé all a-glitter with tiny blue sequins. This same most effective trimming finished the plain cuffs, and edged the full, pointed side-basques, and then, both at back and front, there was a V-shaped vest of black chiffon, while there was a big silk bow at the back of the lace collar, and another at the left side of the corsage, placed in near proximity to a jaunty little rosette of black chiffon. Add a wide-brimmed black hat, trimmed in most distinguished fashion with a few gracefully curving black ostrich feathers, and this picture is complete. Next in order there comes a plaid silk gown in white, and dark and light blue, a combination which pleases instead of positively hurting the eyes and outraging all the canons of good taste, as most of these plaids have the knack of doing. White lawn, with insertions of mellow-tinted lace, was utilised to make the bodice a thing of beauty, while over the shoulders went a pleated quilling of dark-blue satin; and a V of the satin was let in at the back, while, crowning all, was a blue straw hat, on which cornflowers and ears of corn waved aloft in company. A cape prepared for Mrs. Alexander's adornment at Ascot, and calculated to make every woman who set eyes upon it promptly break the Tenth Commandment, was of white silk finely accordion-pleated and veiled with black chiffon put on quite plain. For trimming, there were frills of black chiffon narrowly edged with satin, to border the entire cape and outline the yoke.

present moment is to find a facsimile length of that lovely silk, though I much fear that to do so would necessitate a journey to Paris.

The Marchioness of Londonderry looked very striking in a dress of green-and-white Oriental silk, with design of palm-leaves on a green ground. The bodice, of plain green Oriental satin, was trimmed with cream lace net, and a lisse fichu fastened at the throat with paste buttons; plain skirt and sleeves in the Oriental silk.

Now, will you transfer your attention to Miss Mary Moore, and imagine her dainty loveliness clad in a silk crépon gown in an exquisite shade of blue, something between the tender hue of a forget-me-not blossom and the vivid beauty of the turquoise? The skirt, which was absolutely unadorned, was accompanied by a white satin bodice, its shimmering beauty shining through a veiling of fine grass-lawn, embroidered in an openwork design, and relieved by a collar and bow of blue satin, the blue waistband being fastened by a diamond clasp, and an appliqué of lace appearing on the deep, square collar and the full sleeves. You would be tempted to say that nothing else could possibly suit Miss Moore so perfectly, until you saw a blouse in which folds of the palest pink chiffon, over tea-rose yellow silk and pink satin, brocaded with a lace-like design in white, and showered over with blossoms—yellow, pink, mauve, and blue—were held in at the waist by a band of yellow satin tied in a smart bow at the back, and at the throat by a collar of pink chiffon bedecked with rosettes. The elbow-sleeves terminated with a soft rouleau and a rosette of chiffon, and over the shoulders fell square epaulettes of costly old lace, held in by straps and rosettes of yellow satin ribbon. Worn with a black silk skirt of perfect simplicity and exceptional fulness, this was the veritable

apotheosis of the blouse, and made one think that the summit of its loveliness and richness had at last been reached. Another blouse was of rose-red velvet, covered with elaborately beautiful jet embroidery and glittering jet fringes, and having elbow-sleeves of black net over white chiffon, the innermost folds being a delicate pink. Small wonder that Miss Mary Moore's clothes are of very absorbing interest to women in general—what say you, in the face of these special examples of her good taste? As for me, I had treasured up their memory, and, on the strength of having them in my possession, I had fled away from the insufferable glare and heat of a sweltering London and taken refuge by the sea, my parting being speeded by various friends, who one and all advised some special course of diet or general treatment which would restore the roses of health to my pallid cheeks—as if anyone who had been obliged to exist in London during the last fortnight could possibly be anything else but pallid? unless, indeed, they belonged to that unfortunate class of beings who add to the miseries of semi-tropical days by presenting a shining scarlet or deeply beetroot-coloured countenance for the commiseration of all beholders.

One friend, however, believed in actions as well as words, and so, with almost tearful earnestness, she pressed a packet into my hand, and implored me to use its contents, as for the last time I managed to settle my face into the resigned smile which is the fitting expression for such an occasion, but which it is difficult to retain for any length of time. However, the longest "seeing-off" process must at last come to an end, and so in the fulness of time I was free to inquire into the nature of this votive offering. At the outset, I was greeted by a perfume which seemed strangely familiar to me, and at last I located it as that which assailed us at every turn in our daily path during the ravages of influenza: it was Eucalyptus, and the Sanitas Company had imprisoned and solidified it into the form of soap! Therefore, those who love it and who have proved its value can have it with them even when they are performing their ablutions; while a "Sanitas" Eucalyptus disinfectant was the next thing which stared me in the face. In cases such as these it is impossible to help looking a gift-horse in the mouth, for its value is writ large all over it. I discovered, therefore, that my disinfectant was one shilling, and my three cakes of soap one shilling and sixpence; and then the various circulars and pamphlets setting forth how "Sanitas Oil" prevents and cures influenza, diphtheria, and other lung and throat affections, afforded instructive reading for the next quarter of an hour until sleep finally overcame me. You can also get a good supply of this free literature by applying to the Sanitas Company, Limited, of Bethnal Green, E., and I must say that their various preparations are excellent adjuncts to a holiday outfit. I speak from experience, though my holiday was but a short one. I was drawn back to London by the magnetic power of a sale catalogue, for what woman in her senses could resist six-guinea capes and mantles reduced to three and a-half guineas; the daintiest of cotton gowns, with pretty, lace-trimmed bodices, complete for two pounds; material coats and skirts at one guinea; and the chance of a selection from two hundred smart hats, bonnets, and toques, all reduced to half-a-guinea; to say nothing of wool crêpon tea-gowns and fancy cotton morning-gowns, ranging from five shillings to a guinea, and silk blouses at half-a-guinea each? Not I, for one, especially when the

from either, or both, you can obtain one of the same exhaustive sale catalogues which brought my little holiday to an abrupt close.

And, of course, once back in London, I was simply entangled in a whirl of sales, and rendered giddy by the contemplation of countless special bargains, and deafened by eager entreaties for my advice on this



LADY LONDONDERRY'S ASCOT DRESS.

and the other. Well, one piece of advice I will give to all of you, free, gratis, and for nothing. Go at once, as the place of your abode may decide, either to Messrs. Walpole Brothers' Bond Street house—No. 89, two doors from Oxford Street—or to the one at 102, Kensington High Street; that is, if you want anything in the way of linen or damask at prices which are simply fabulously low.

Mrs. Lemon, the secretary of the Society for the Protection of Birds, calls my attention to the fashion of wearing hats and bonnets of a graceful spray of soft, fine plumes, with drooping or curly tips. These the milliners call Bird of Paradise feathers, the assurance being constantly given that they are *real*. They are often mixed with osprey-tips, of which, during the past season, one warehouse alone disposed of no less than sixty thousand dozens! It is the general impression, however, throughout the trade that the fashion must soon disappear, as the supply of birds is almost exhausted. The Bird of Paradise most used in millinery is that obtained in the Papuan Islands and New Guinea. Since Jan 1, 1892, strict regulations for the preservation of the Bird of Paradise have been in force in German New Guinea, and M. Jules Forest appeals to the English and Dutch Governments to follow this good example. "Civilised women throughout the world are earnestly entreated not to countenance the sacrifice of this bird by encouraging the demand for its precious feathers. Let them do what they can to prevent the extermination of this 'wonder of Nature' by stoutly refusing to purchase anything purporting to have once belonged to a Bird of Paradise."

FLORENCE.



goods are the production of Mr. Peter Robinson; and so I took the next train to town, to be early at the fray, which opened on July 1, and which will be carried on for a fortnight, when all the ammunition will be exhausted, I expect, huge though it is at present. The summer sale is going on at both the Regent Street and Oxford Street premises, and

HAYMARKET THEATRE. — MR. TREE,

Sole Lessee and Manager.

FÉDORA.—EVERY EVENING at 8.15.

MR. TREE, MRS. TREE, MRS. BANCROFT (who has been specially engaged to act her original part).

MATINEE, SATURDAY NEXT, and FOLLOWING SATURDAY, at 2.30.

Box-Office (Mr. Leverton) 10 to 5.

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DALY'S THEATRE.—EVERY EVENING, at 8.15, for a strictly limited season: AUGUSTIN DALY'S COMPANY OF COMEDIANS, including MISS ADA REHAN.

TUESDAY, July 2, "THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA" (six evenings only); TUESDAY, July 9, "MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM." MATINEES EVERY SATURDAY at 2. Box-Office Daily 9 to 5.

EMPIRE.—EVERY EVENING, at 10, GRAND NEW BALLET,

FAUST. VARIETIES. Doors open at 7.45.

PETER ROBINSON'S SUMMER SALE

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DRESS AND DRAPERY GOODS

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THE FINEST QUALITIES OF

IRISH HAND-LOOM DOUBLE DAMASK TABLE LINEN, HOUSEHOLD
LINENS, CAMBRIC HANDKERCHIEFS, DRESS LINENS,
LADIES' UNDERCLOTHING, &c., AT SUBSTANTIAL REDUCTIONS.

A Lot of **DAMASK TABLECLOTHS & NAPKINS** (Slightly
Soiled) **AT EXACTLY HALF USUAL PRICES.**

The only bonâ fide Manufacturer's Sale of Linens at Less than Trade Prices.

Special Sale Price List and Patterns sent Free to any Address on Application.

SOME SALE PRICES.

DAMASK TABLECLOTHS	2 yds. square, each, 2/6, 2/11, 3/6, 3/11, 4/6
DAMASK NAPKINS	2 1/2 " " " " 5/6, 6/-, 6/9, 7/3, 8/-
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LINEN SHEETS (Hemstitched)	In all the Newest Colours, from per yard, 8 1/2d.
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PRINTED HANDKERCHIEFS	Each, 10 1/2d., 1/-, 1/3, 1/7, 1/10
FANCY EMBROIDERED AND VEINED HANDKERCHIEFS	2 yds. by 3 yds., per pair, 4/9, 5/6, 5/9, 6/6, 7/-
TOWELS	3 " " " " 13/6, 14/3
TURKISH BATH TOWELS	Ladies', per doz., 1/11, 2/-, 2/9, 3/6, 5/-
BLANKETS	Gentlemen's, per doz., 3/4, 4/-, 4/11, 6/-
HOUSEHOLD CLOTHS	Ladies', per doz., 2/11, 3/5, 4/4, 5/4
	Gentlemen's, per doz., 4/11, 6/3, 7/3, 8/3
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	Each, 3 1/2d., 4d., 5d., 6d.; worth double.
	Huckaback, half-doz., 2/3, 2/9, 3/3, 4/-, 4/3
	Hemstitched Linen, half-doz., 5/6, 6/6, 8/-, 9/-
	Each, 4 1/2d., 6 1/2d., 7 1/2d., 9d., 10 1/2d.
	For Single Beds, per pair, 7/9, 10/-, 12/-
	For Double " " " 13/6, 17/-, 21/-
	Dusters, per doz., 1/6, 2/3, 2/9, 3/9
	Glass-Cloths, per doz., 2/11, 3/9, 4/-, 5/9
	Kitchen Rubbers, per doz., 2/3, 2/9, 3/3, 3/6

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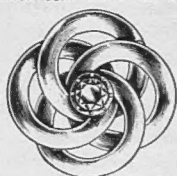
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CRAB-APPLE BLOSSOMS.
"It has the aroma of Spring in it."
2/6, 4/6 & 6/- — *New York Observer.*
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"A delightful deodoriser, and
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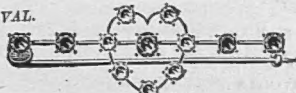
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LADY'S KEYLESS LEVER
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In Silver Cases. The Cases are 18-carat Gold, either Hunting, Half-Hunting, or Crystal Glass. Richly Engraved all over, or plain Polished, with Monogram Engraved Free.
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Fine Gold Brooch, with Brilliant Centre, £5 5s.



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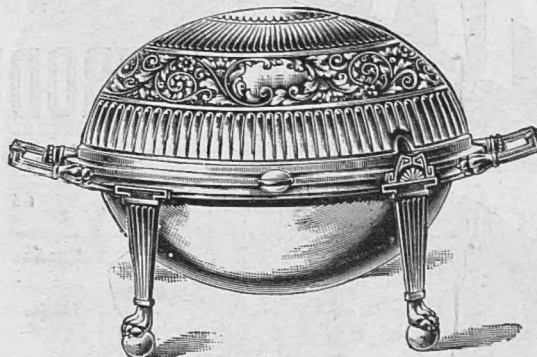


All Brilliants, £6 10s.

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Only Warrant Holder in City of London,
Steam Factory: 62 & 64, LUDGATE HILL,
And at 28, ROYAL EXCHANGE, LONDON, E.C. Estd. 1749.

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Beg to announce that they have been able to purchase on very exceptional terms the surplus stock of patterns of one of the first manufacturers of high class Electro



Plate, and that they are now able to offer for a short time the very finest goods at prices that compete with the low priced and inferior goods. This is a most unique opportunity for securing real bargains.

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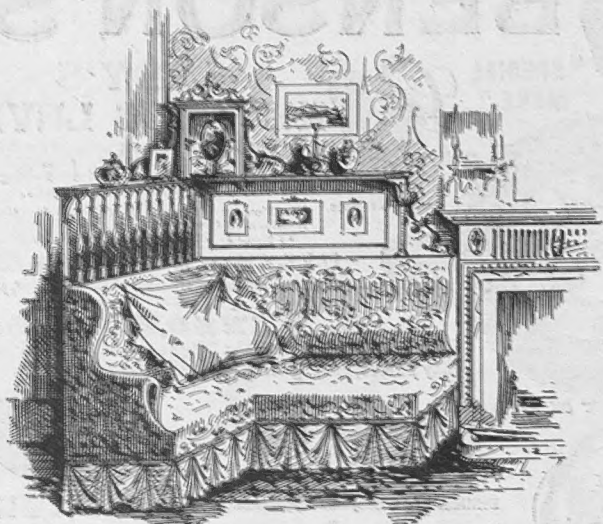
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THE LARGEST STOCK OF
English Carved Oak & Modern Furniture
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HEWETSONS have just received their New Designs and Colourings of AXMINSTER, WILTON, SAXONY, and BRUSSELS for the Season.

BRUSSELS CARPET, 2s. 9d. per yard. WILTON CARPET, 3s. 11d. per yard. AXMINSTER CARPET, 4s. 3d. per yard.



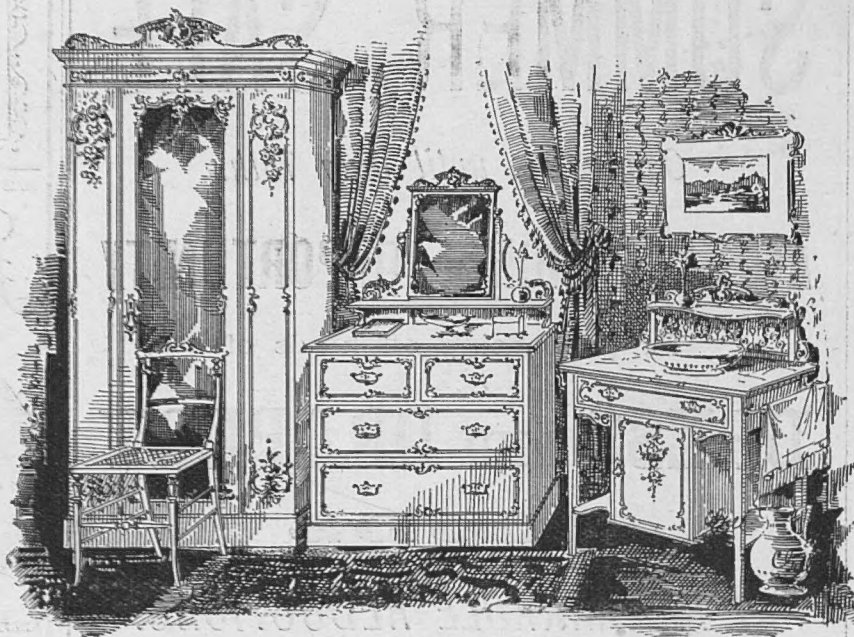
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HEWETSONS' "Princess May" Bedroom Suite.

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For Curing Weak and Thin Eyelashes, Preserving, Strengthening, and Rendering the Hair beautifully Soft, for Removing Scurf, Dandruff, &c. Also for Restoring Grey Hair to its Natural Colour.

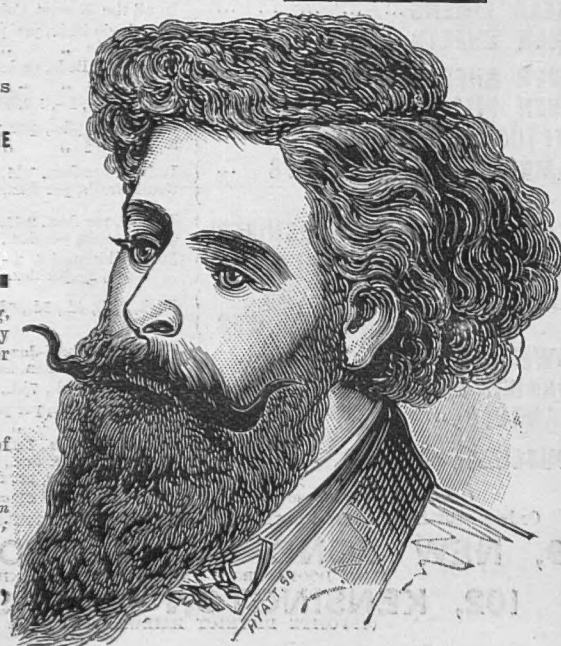
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HOW MR. GLADSTONE WAS ENTERTAINED.

MR. WILLIAM NICHOLL.

Sir Donald Currie has done many notable things in his day, but his entertainment of Mr. Gladstone on board the Tantallon Castle at the opening of the Baltic Canal will long be remembered as a princely

tribute to the worth of his political opponent, the ex-Premier. For twelve days he played host to a hundred guests on board the magnificent vessel, and everything that could be done to vary the enjoyment of the veteran statesman was done. Two of the more notable entertainers of the occasion were Mr. William Nicholl and Mr. Robert Ganthony.

Mr. Nicholl, who stays in a beautiful house in Wimpole Street, inherited a love of music from his father, who was an engineer, and was awarded the Mutiny medal for gallantry under hot fire while engaged as an engineer in clearing away great masses of the jungle which formed too impenetrable cover.



MR. WILLIAM NICHOLL.

Photo by Passingham, Brighton.

Mr. Nicholl himself was thirty before he began to study singing.

"After serving an apprenticeship in my father's firm (he told a *Sketch* representative), I was engaged till '83 in engineering work in Bengal, constructing harbours and railways, and so on. It is true that before that date I had sung a good deal as an amateur in Calcutta, where I took the leading tenor parts in Sullivan's operas, and in Gounod's 'Faust,' &c. These were being run by Tom Webb and his wife, Alice Gomez. Then, when I came to England, I found the engineering market glutted, and I bethought me that my success as a singer in India might be seriously considered. I remember that I first sang to August Manns, then to J. B. Welch and Randegger. Their opinions were corroborated by my reception in Glasgow, and determined me to become a student at the R.A.M. I suppose I was the oldest pupil there—thirty years of age."

"You succeeded, I need not ask?"

"I am grateful for much encouragement. I won the Parepa-Rose gold medal for tenor-singing, and I was awarded the Academy bronze medal. My next step was to go to Florence, where I placed myself under Vannucini. Afterwards, here, under the great master Manuel Garcia, and others, I studied and studied. Indeed, I have gambled with the money I have paid to learn to sing. While many were satisfied with one lesson a week, I used to take six. But I won. However, the best thing I have ever done in the way of thoroughly understanding voice-culture was going to George Thorpe. I am so in accord with his method that we have just written a text-book on 'Natural Singing Voice.'"

"You have made a great mark in oratorio music, I know?"

"Well, I have sung in 'The Messiah,' 'The Hymn of Praise,' and 'The Creation' at the Gloucester Festivals; in 'The Redemption' at Chester; at the Monday Popular and Boosey's Ballad Concerts; and, on three occasions, under Richter's conductorship, I sang a duet with Edward Lloyd from 'Siegfried.'"

"You aren't forgetting your two 'commands' before the Queen?"

"Oh, no! but—there, I am disinclined to obtrude the fact."

Mrs. Nicholl had already shown me the diamond-and-sapphire scarf-pin, and the resplendent silver cigar-case, engraved with a gratifying inscription, which acknowledged Mr. Nicholl's charm of song at Balmoral in Scotch, Irish, and Italian compositions. Then Mr. Nicholl interested me immensely with his very sensible remarks on voice production, the secret of which is not so much the fabrication of vocal feats as the avoidance of errors and liberation from the trammels which choke the natural utterance. Seventy-five per cent. of voice-power production is absolutely wasted through ignorance of correct breath control. For instance, it was not till Mr. George Thorpe detected it, that Mr. Nicholl was himself aware that his voice was really a *tenore robusto*. The better method gave a better cutting, and consequently a greater value to the gem with which his physiological nature had been endowed. Italians, Mr. Nicholl remarks, start three years ahead of other Western nations, not so much from their language being so full of vowels, as from their complete mastery of the proper enunciation and appreciation of the value of consonants. Then he touched on the injury to the voice which the Philharmonic pitch would effect, besides its destructive influence to fine feeling and high musical quality. The truth is that the voice of the singer was to be sacrificed to mere orchestral effect by raising the pitch.

Supposing that Sir Alexander Mackenzie were asked to render his "Rose of Sharon" a tone, or even a semitone, higher, what would be said?

On board the Tantallon Castle, Mr. Gladstone used to ask Mr. Nicholl to sing when there were only two or three people with him.

"'Oft in the Stilly Night' seemed to please him particularly. Then I sang to him 'Comfort Ye,' 'Every Valley,' and 'Auld Robin Gray,' among many others. In connection with this last he made a most interesting remark. He said, 'It was the first verse of that song which gave me my earliest idea of political economy'—

To make that crown a pound my Jamie gaed to sea,
And the crown and the pound were baith for me.

The resonance, fulness, and harmony of Mr. Gladstone's voice especially impressed me," said Mr. Nicholl, and he is an authority.

MR. ROBERT GANTHONY.

Mr. Ganthony is an entertainer of a different school. I found him in his house at Mortlake—a portly figure, clad in a cycle suit.

"You couldn't have failed to make them laugh on the Tantallon Castle," I said, "if you gave them the old sketch of the Grotesques, the Geometricals, the Bow Street Magistrate, and the Phonograph."

"I did my best. I was astonished that my show was heard so well in the saloon, for it was much lower-pitched to what I am accustomed."

"And, of course, the great people were amused?"

"Yes; I gave them all my 'business,' and I am proud to say that Mr. Gladstone, Sir Donald Currie, and the whole 'shoot' applauded much more than do you fellows of the 'Savage.'"

"Well, I'll grant you that you are always original; you make your own wit, and don't buy it, like the parsons do their sermons. And I'll go so far as to say that you have often made me laugh."

How difficult it is to describe this brilliant wit, dry humorist, and always good fellow—a man who has the ability to generate genuine fun out of every circumstance of life, of which the trip to the Baltic supplied numerous subjects. If one went into details one would necessarily become heavy, and consequently out of harmony with the fleeting humour of the hour, which Robert Ganthony paints in colours piquant, but always in good taste.

"You took your paint-box with you to the Baltic, I hope?"

"What do you take me for? Of course; yet I have no sketches for you. The royal salute and my pipe interfered with the general effect, so that my sketches are reserved for——"

"Private circulation?"

"Let us say rather the wastepaper-basket."

Of course, I knew that Mr. Ganthony was a great disciple in the impressionist school, so that his views of a great sham naval engagement would have been thoroughly realistic.

"Have you been round the world?"

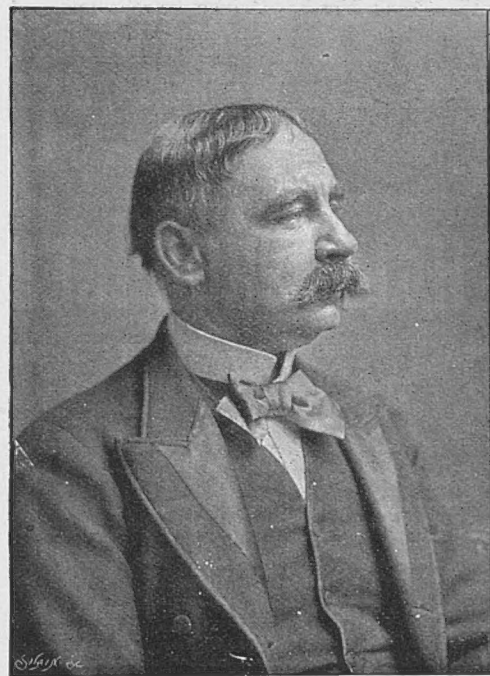
"I've played out in America, and I have been in the Lyceum bills. I reckon, as they say in the States, that comprises the universe. Ah! I forget, I may throw in South Africa just as a make-weight. I profess

to play the fool; some people say I might add the piano."

"Surely you have forgotten to mention the pen?"

"I see you have found me out. You know, evidently, my book on 'Practical Ventriloquism,' and my 'Bunkum Entertainments,' just about to see the light. By the way, I am off on July 13 to South Africa with Luscombe Learelle, and am commissioned to write a humorous description of the voyage out, &c., for your firm. 'How to get up Charity Shows with Songs' is another deed of wickedness I believe I am responsible for."

Then Mr. Ganthony took me, "personally conducted," through the grounds. We visited the tomato plantations,



MR. ROBERT GANTHONY.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

the cucumber conservatories, and the mustard-and-cress forests. The bicycle-shed made me shed tears when he recounted his rides to Brighton and to the Derby—sometimes with his father. The poultry-yard seemed to remind him poignantly of his endeavours to rear chickens and cats together—the latter as prophylactics to rats—in New Jersey. On the whole, I came away with the impression that Mr. Gladstone had enjoyed his trip to Kiel, and that he had increased his weight considerably on the strength of the adage of "laugh and grow fat," and that Robert Ganthony can never be taken seriously.

NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGE.

"All is not Gold that Glitters."

DEAR SIR,—

Capel Court, June 29, 1895.

Again we have had a quiet week without any particular feature, except the continual boom of the very highest class of stocks. Day by day Consols continue to creep up, while Colonials, Railway debentures, and Corporation stocks are at such prices that, unless some outlet for capital can be found, people will have to reckon 2½ per cent. as the normal interest for trustees and such-like persons. Second- and third-rate securities are beginning to creep up, and we see every day, as confidence increases, that there is every probability of a substantial rise in almost every kind of dividend-paying stock.

The coming General Election must throw the stock markets out of gear for the time; but if a strong Unionist Government is established in power as the result of all the turmoil, we fully expect to see higher prices all round during the autumn, for there will then be no further water company scares, and people can invest their spare cash without any fear of Progressive measures for municipalising every sort of industry.

Home Rails are, of course, bound to produce a crop of disappointing dividends, varying from 1 to ¾ per cent. less than this time last year, except in the case of the Chatham preference dividend, which will probably be 3 per cent. against 2½, and the South-Eastern Company, which will probably maintain its old rate.

The Earl's Court Exhibition does not seem to make any difference to the District traffics, and holders of this stock and that of the Metropolitan Company may now rest assured that, in three years, the Central Railway will be the most formidable competitor. This latter concern, which has been launched under the very best auspices, and with its total capital subscribed, is, in our opinion, a very high-class investment, yielding 3 per cent. during construction, and being pretty certain, in the end, to bring a very considerable increase in capital value to its shareholders.

As to Grand Trunks, we fail to see any sound reason for much hope except for the debenture-holders, although as each week the traffics will compare with the ghastly returns of last year, it is possible there may soon be some substantial increases to cheer the hearts of the "bulls," if the race is not already extinct.

In the Foreign market we fully expect that what we said at the beginning of this letter about second- and third-rate stocks will be exemplified, and that securities like Argentine funding, Mexican 6 per cent., Uruguay, and Chilians will yet see higher levels, because people must be forced into buying through the impossibility of getting any reasonable return upon their money in other directions. For a gamble, some of the low-priced Cédulas are, we think, more promising than anything else.

Advices from the River Plate speak confidently of continued increases in the traffic returns of the various lines, and the position of the principal railway stocks is attracting more attention every day. The profits of the Argentine Great Western line will amount to about £160,000 or £170,000, which is more than enough to pay the interest upon the first and second debentures in full, and both these securities have, since we recommended them to you, improved in value considerably. Even now they appear very cheap, and the Buenos Ayres and Pacific Company is in a like happy position. A reasonable amount of money spread over the two lines we have named, and the debentures of the Cordoba and Rosario line, and Cordoba Central first mortgage bonds, would, we feel confident, prove a remunerative operation for anyone who can afford to lock up his purchases.

In the industrial corner, Indiarubber and Guttapercha shares have had a sensational fall upon the declaration of a 5 instead of a 10 per cent. interim dividend, said to be due to the lack of business in the cable construction department of the company's business. A good many frightened shareholders have been throwing away their holdings, but, as we know those best acquainted with "the true inwardness" of the company's affairs have been buyers, we think the present is a very good opportunity for you to pick up a few shares at about 18.

The Mining market, which started the week well, has not been able to keep it up, for no sooner does an improvement in value make itself evident than profit-snatching begins. On any reaction, however, strong financial groups at once begin to absorb the best shares, and there is an undertone of strength which promises well for a further rise. Potchefstroom have been manipulated, and we advise all your friends who got in on our advice and have, hitherto, not taken their profits, to let somebody else have whatever may be left. Southern Jumpers, at nineteen shillings, look as if they were likely to go better, and we still think Pleiades worth buying.

The new issue of 500,000 Chartered shares at 3½ has been well received, and £825,000 of the proceeds will be used to redeem the debentures, and the balance to complete the railway to Bulawayo. The way the issue has been managed and the debentures snapped up by those who were lucky enough to get the "tip" speaks well for the financial ability of the board, but is a little hard on the innocent public, who have sold in ignorance of what was going on. We confess we think the secret should have been better kept until a public announcement was made.

The big Liverpool Warehousing Company, which is issued to-day, will be a great success, and the shares and debentures are already at a substantial premium. Whatever you do, don't sell a "bear" on chance of getting an allotment, for we hear it will be locally covered many times over.—We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

S. Simon, Esq.

LAMB, SHEARER, AND CO.

COMPANY AND OTHER ISSUES OF THE WEEK.

The following prospectuses have reached us—

THE LIVERPOOL WAREHOUSING COMPANY, LIMITED, has been formed to acquire warehouses in that port. The total capital, including debentures, is £1,050,000, and the property to be taken over, exclusive of goodwill, is valued at £802,076, while the average profits are set down at £76,316. The debenture stock is very well secured, and the preference shares seem to us a first-rate opportunity for people who want 5½ per cent. with very little risk. As to the ordinary shares, we think a good bit depends on individual opinion as to the ultimate effect of the competition of the port of Manchester, as to which we should not be greatly alarmed.

THE CUE VICTORY GOLD MINES, LIMITED, are offering 82,000 shares of £1 each. This is a new Western Australian venture upon the Murchison Gold Field, and formed to amalgamate three leases. The development work appears in a forward state, but the public is not subscribing to new ventures of this sort, and we expect the underwriters will have to take a good part of their risks, nor do we advise any of our readers to relieve them.

THE SIR WALTER RALEIGH MINING COMPANY, LIMITED, is offering 51,000 shares of £1 each, and, as far as the British public is concerned, we should imagine it would remain an offer only. The concern is formed to work certain gold claims in British Guiana. There are the usual estimates beginning with an "if," and proving that two and two make four, but we are sure that people who subscribe now will have to wait a long time for returns, and would do far better to employ their spare cash in other directions.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

- (1) All letters must be addressed to the City Editor, *The Sketch* Office, 198, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.
- (2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a non-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no non-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.
- (3) Every effort will be made by Messrs. Lamb, Shearer, and Co. to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.
- (4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.
- (5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.
- (6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.
- (7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters will receive no attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. W. D.—We have made the inquiry which we promised last week, and find that the transfer to you was carried in on May 31 last, and that the share-certificate is ready. Tell your brokers to get it for you.

MUMBLES.—Your list is a very good one, but you must not forget the liability on the bank shares. We should be inclined to sell 1 and 2, and buy Johannesburg Waterworks and United States Brewing Company's 6 per cent. debentures.

H. B.—We hope you have got our private letter giving you the brokers' names and the information you want as to the shares.

A. S. G.—We do not profess to advise you on legal questions, especially in the case of American law. Write to Mr. L. De Frieze, Broad Street House, E.C., who is an American lawyer and will tell you in what way, if any, you can get a fresh certificate out of the company.

J. Z.—The accounts are made up to March 31, and submitted in December of each year.

INEXPERIENCE.—Don't touch the shares of the hotel you name. The prospectus is very unsatisfactory, and you can see from it that the concern has not been carried on at a profit.

J. J. G.—The dividend, which we said last week would be 6 per cent., or more, is actually 7½. Our answer as to this company was based on the former practice.

AUNTIE.—It is very easy to ask us for four investments which will enable you to get an income of £150 a year from your £2500, and be safe, but it all depends on what you call "safe." Buy £500 United States Brewing Company 6 per cent. debentures, £500 Trustees and Executors A debentures, £350 shares in the Johannesburg Waterworks, £200 stock in the Imperial Continental Gas Company, and divide the balance between City of Mexico 5 per cent. bonds, De Beers debentures, and, perhaps, Ely Brothers' shares. We will send you the name of a firm of brokers by private letter, if you comply with Rule 5.

O. H. P.—What you say about the Mortgage Insurance Company may be true, but if shareholders are fools enough to pass resolutions for voluntary liquidation, we don't see how we can help you. The management has, no doubt, been very bad, but for a single shareholder to spend money in a lawsuit over it would be very foolish.

T. POT.—We do not know the outside broker you name, but he seems to have carried on business at the same address for some years, and previously in Copthall Buildings. If you like, we will make some confidential inquiries and send you the result by private letter; but, in that case, you must send us a five-shilling fee to cover expenses.

SEPTON.—(1) The bonds you name are very good, but Alabama Midland 5 per cent. Gold Bonds are as good, and cheaper. (2) Hammond prefs. are a fair speculation, which we think well of.

KAFFIR.—New Ceresus is crushing now, and the result will shortly appear, but the stamps will be doubled before the end of the year. We should hold. Clear your Potchefstrooms, and don't touch Lydenburg Estates.

P. O. O.—We have sent you the name of the firm who deal in lottery bonds. You will find they quote market price, which is far cheaper than you can buy from the firm whose circular you send. Thank you for the enclosure.

CAUTIOUS.—We think you had better hold, for you could only sell at a loss. The concern seems to have a fair chance, and we will make some inquiries in the market and let you know the result next week. Why do you lock the stable-door after the horse is stolen?